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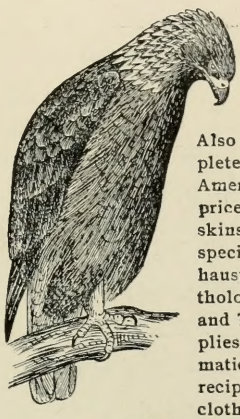

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We wish all our readers the best of success during the year 1906. May it bring many new admirers for our feathered friends, as well as increase the interest of those that are already devoted to their welfare. ThePresident of our country is interested in the protection of our native birds and has caused a number of islands to be made into public reservations for breeding places for wild fowls; let each of us add our mite in the great work. Feed the birds when their natural food is scarce and protect them from their enemies, especially when they are nesting.

We want to make this magazine just as interesting as we can to all our readers and we ask you all to co-operate with us. A wide-awake person rarely goes into the woods or fields without seeing some interesting phase of bird life; make notes of these and write them up and send them to us for others to read. Of course we are always glad to receive any suggestions as to how we can make any improvement. If you think any special departments would be of interest to the majority of our readers write and tell us so; we shall be pleased to adopt any feasible requests that may be made.

Our supplements to be colored have hit a popular chord, and judging by the number received and the quality of the work, our country will not in the future find a lack of competent artists. We received 235 of the Bluebird pictures and many were exceptionally good, so that judging them was a difficult matter. We finally made the following three awards from about 25 of practically equal merit: 1st., Rosemary Hopkins, Cincinnati, O.; 2nd., George Gerald, Rosedale, Toronto; 3rd., Armand R. Tibbitts, Waukesho, Wis.

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Carolina Paroquet.

CAROLINA PAROQUET.

A. O. U. No. 382. (Conurus carolinensis.)

Since the Mexican Thick-billed Parrot is only occasionally found over the United States border in Southern Arizona, the Carolina Paroquet may be regarded as the only true representative of the Parrot family in our country. Paroquets are usually smaller and more gracefully formed birds than are the Parrots. They are all tropical, and nearly all brilliant in plumage, their feathers combining the greens, reds, blues, and yellows to harmonize with the tropical foliage. So well does their plumage agree with their surroundings that, were it not for their harsh voices, which always betray them, it would be difficult to locate them.

Our paroquets are beautiful creatures, slender in form, and attractively colored. Adults have the fore part of the head an intense orange red, but the heads of the young birds are a more or less bright greenish yellow; in length they range from 16 to17 inches.

Years ago, Carolina Paroquets were commonly found in all our southern states, and in some localities they were very abundant, flocks containing a hundred or more individuals being frequently seen. Since the advent of civilized man and with the advance of civilization, their numbers have steadily decreased until at the present day they are upon the verge of becoming extinct, and the next few years will see the passing away of the last of the few remaining birds, without our being able in any way to stay their destruction. Their passing is a sad one and, in many respects, may be likened to that of the Great Auk, the Passenger Pigeon, and the Bison.

The greatest factor in their decline is the inroad that progress has made into their chosen dwelling places. Their boundaries have been gradually narrowed and pushed steadily southward until the few remaining birds are to be found in the inaccessible swamps of middle and southern Florida. As late as 1860 they were regarded as abundant in some sections of the South, and even in 1890 flocks of from fifty to one hundred individuals were not uncommon. Besides eating the seeds of various plants and trees, they were fond of oranges, bananas and other cultivated fruits, as well as many grains. For this reason they were in ill-repute with the farmers, who always improved an opportunity to kill them. They were often caught and sold for cage birds and many of them perished in this way, their habits rendering their capture alive an easy matter.

Their notes are loud, harsh and discordant, like those of all parrots; soon after rising in the morning and just before going to roost at night, and at all times when in flight, their incessant clatter and chatter proclaims their presence. Their flight is quite rapid, sometimes resembling that of

the smaller hawks and again being undulatory like that of the woodpeckers. They sometimes feed upon the ground, but they are very awkward walkers. When feeding upon buds or seeds at the ends of the slenderest twigs, they are the embodiment of grace, and are as likely to be seen hanging upside down as in the regulation manner. Like all parrots they make free use of their bill to aid them in clambering from one position to another.

Their manner of nidification is still a matter of doubt and it is very possible that they may go out of existence without anyone obtaining an authentic set of their eggs. It is generally believed that they nest in cavities of trees and that they lay two or three eggs. It has been claimed that they nest in colonies and make shabby structures on horizontal branches, but this belief lacks absolute confirmation, although it might be true if there were a scarcity of hollow limbs for them to occupy. The National Museum has sets of eggs purporting to be those of this bird, but the datas are not sufficiently accurate to prove their genuineness. Mr. Robert Ridgeway has obtained eggs from birds in captivity, so that it is known that the eggs are white in color like those of other parrots; the surface of the shells is pitted somewhat, like that of the shell of an ostrich egg, but much less noticeable.

As night approaches all the birds in the neighborhood retire to the common roosting place; this is usually in the heart of some large decaying tree in the depths of a swamp. They are said to sleep partially suspended by their strong hooked bills, from the inner walls of the cavity. As they always returned to the same tree every night, this habit was taken advantage of in catching them alive, a man going to the place before dark, and after the birds had all entered the tree, placing a bag over the opening, thus taking the whole colony.

It is very doubtful if any means of protection can be devised to preserve this interesting species. They are too far gone, and we must sit idly by and watch these birds that once were common as far north as Virginia and Missouri, pass out of existence.

A TRUE STORY.

Concerning Some Foreigners.

By C. Edwin Hopkins.

A number of foreigners had taken apartments upon the eaves and cornices surrounding a beautiful lawn which, by the way, was a very good feeding ground. Now, these foreigners had used these feeding grounds for many years, during rain and sunshine, winter and summer.

One fine morning early in the month of March, a gentleman, Mr. Robin, by name, who had been spending the winter in the southern states, arrived in the neighborhood, and being impressed by the beauty of the place, decided

Photo from life by W. F. Smith

BLUE JAY BREEDING HER YOUNG.
[Winner of 1st Prize in Class 1, 1905 Contest.]

to reside there for the summer. Naturally, these same feeding grounds fell under his observant eye and with quick decision he determined to make them his own. But what of the foreigners who had made the locality their permanent residence, could they be imposed upon by summer boarders? Not if they had anything to say. So an envoy was sent to inform Mr. Robin to keep away, but he was received with a look of scorn.

One whole day passed and when the morning dawned bright and clear two robust Sparrows were sent to meet Mr. Robin and give him battle. Mr. Robin "came, saw and conquered."

Now, I should judge by the noise and chatter in Sparrowdom that a council of war was taking place, shortly after the contest which left the field in possession of Mr. Robin. Another day passed and again the morning dawned peacefully and quietly. Even Sparrowdom was quiet, but it was only the calm before the storm, for all the men, or rather Sparrows, in the entire colony had been mobilized. The hour for Mr. Robin's appearance was at hand and across the lawn he came, sailing proudly. Immediately the brown hordes swept down from the eaves with a cry equaling the "Rebel Yell," and Mr. Robin found himself encircled by a tribe of screeching savages. First he dashed at one group, then at another, but as soon as his back was turned, those at his rear closed in upon him making feathers fly. Mr. Robin now decided to quit such an unequal contest, so he attempted to withdraw by flying upward, but quicker than words can tell, the encircling Sparrows made a like move and darted down upon him from above forcing Mr. Robin to the ground. Then the besiegers took up their former position and so the contest continued. Mr. Robin was allowed to retire, conquered, when the little brown and gray birds were tired out.

THE BLUE-JAY.

The Blue-jay has always been a favorite with me, both for his beautiful plumage and because I find him full of surprises. Who knows the limit of his repertoire? and who outside the bird lover has heard him sing? He who follows the Jay through the year must add many interesting pages to his journal

A companion and I were returning from a long bird walk, our path skirting a large swamp, the day nearly spent, and the calm of a spring Sabbath evening pervading the air, when from the swamp came a low clear song, which rooted us in our tracks. Neither of us knew the song, nor would we have believed it could come from a Jay, had we not seen the bird a moment later and heard the song a second time, while we watched the singer through our glasses.

Another time, in the same place, we saw one seemingly trying to get some-

thing out of his throat, going through all sorts of antics, emitting a gurgling note, and apparently enjoying the whole performance. Why, who has not been fooled, thinking a Red-shouldered Hawk was circling above, and after looking in vain, seeing our blue friend go flying away, screaming "Jay! Jay!" I began to pride myself that I knew the Jay's notes, when with a company of bird lovers, we heard a note, clear as the stroke of a bell, and which no one knew, until the owner of the place told us it was the "bell note of the Jay," and often heard there, yet I had not heard it before, nor have I since, a matter which offers a field of inquiry. So, too, the Jay's nesting habits were a surprise, for I had been told of the Jay's leaving their nests because of one's looking into them while containing eggs, yet my experience has been they are most easily tamed—else I must have known exceptional birds.

Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.

BLUE-JAY ON NEST.

Photo by C. A. Reed

YOUNG JAYS.

The Jay, whose picture is shown, allowed me to place my camera within six feet of her nest the second time I visited her, without concealment of any sort, and would return as soon as I went away and allowed me to take her picture if I did it by a string led behind a fence. Gradually I moved the camera until I had it as near as the lens would work, less than three feet from her nest, and I wondered at the mother love that brought her back to her babies with that great (to her) red and black object staring into her nest, and so very close. Yet more, she allowed me to come up to the camera and make a bulb exposure, though her eye sparkled and it was clear that mother love and fear were working hard for mastery.

The shutter clicked, yet she did not fly and remained while I changed the plate and reset the shutter, and wishing to see how far I could go, I reached out and touched the limb against which her nest was built, and made the exposure with the other hand.

Neither did she leave now and I took down the camera and left her with her babies, richer in the memories of one of nature's secrets, and happy that I could transform part of that home scene to paper so that others might get a glimpse of this brave bird, who was willing to risk death that she might protect her young, and trust it will induce someone to say a kindly word for this beautiful bird that is so often persecuted.

WILBUR F. SMITH.

CHICKADEE.

THE TAMING OF BIRDS.

BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS.

My home is so situated that I am afforded an unusual opportunity to study bird life from my window. As almost everyone knows, it has been very hard the past winter for the birds to find enough food to keep them alive. About fifteen feet from my study window is a large tree upon which a plentiful supply of food has been kept. Here the Downy and Hairy Woodpeckers, Red and White-breasted Nuthatches, Brown Creepers, Blue-jays, and Chickadees have fed all the winter. The Juncos came to eat the crumbs I scattered for them at the foot of the tree, while the gray and red squirrels made themselves a nuisance to the birds by greedily devouring their food. In vain I have tried to keep the squirrels away from the birds; they were as hungry as the birds, and would eat as much suet in an hour as all the birds would together in a week. Now, that the snow has gone, the squirrels do not touch the bird's food, much to my delight, as well as the birds.'

After feeding the birds on this tree for over a month, it was suggested to me that I put crumbs on my window-sill for the Chickadees. I gladly made the experiment which proved successful. Chickadees and Red and White-breasted Nuthatches came to the window sill with but little fear to get the crumbs I took pains to keep plentiful there. A window-sill is by no means an easy place for a bird to get to, and it would have been almost impossible for the birds to get there at all, had it not been for a number of wires which met under the window to ring a bell. The birds soon learned that the wire was the most convenient way to get their food. Within a week, the Chick-

adees got to the window-sill in a very graceful manner, while the Red-breasted Nuthatches came with but little difficulty. The White-breasted Nuthatches were very awkward. At first they flew directly from the tree to the window-sill, always landing on their breast, and hitting their head against the window. They tried more experiments, and ended in flying against the the window pane several times. While the Nuthatches are slow to invent, they are very quick to learn from other birds. They watched the Chickadees, and learned from them that the wire was the best way for them to get to the window. They tried this, but were so clumsy they could not hold on to the wire. Instead of grasping it tightly with their toes as all other birds do, they curl the part of the foot which would correspond to the wrist of a human being around the wire. Of course they could not hold on by this method without many failures, so they took several somersaults off the wire, landing five feet below, and righting themselves again. After nearly a month of practice, they succeeded in getting to the window-sill by going to one corner where the two wires met, and hopping from there to the window-sill. When one got a piece of food that was too large to swallow, he would take it to a neighboring tree where he drove it between the bark and pecked small pieces from it until he had it all eaten. His relative, the Red-breasted Nuthatch is more graceful and could be better compared with the Chickadees, to which he also is related. The Red-breasted Nuthatch came to the window-sill without any trouble, was graceful on the wire, and could stand up nearly as straight on his legs on the window-sill as the Chickadees could.

FEARLESS BUT HUNGRY.

The birds soon made themselves at home on the window-sill, but were afraid of me at first, even when the window was closed. After I felt sure they did not mind me, when I was reasonably quiet behind the closed window, I thought it would be interesting to see whether they would be frightened away if the window was open. I started by leaving it open a little way while I was out of the room, in this way, letting the birds know that the warm air was harmless. After giving them time to get used to this, I stayed near the partly opened window while the birds came and went. At first they were much afraid, but they soon decided that I would not hurt them. One morning I went away, leaving my study window open, and at the same time carelessly leaving some choice crumbs on a table near the window. A pair of Chickadees, seeing the doughnut crumbs, flew into the room, and then forgot how to make their escape. They were found beating against the glass with their bills open. The poor little things were helped to escape. I opened the window a little more every day until the birds learned not to mind me when it was open quite wide, although the Chickadees were but little afraid. The White-breasted Nuthatches have never come to the window-sill without fear while I was near.

A Nuthatch.

One bitter cold morning, when the birds were very hungry, I put no food out, but kept a careful watch for the first arrival for his breakfast. When I saw a Chickadee, I put some crumbs into my hand, opened the window a little and quietly laid my hand flat upon the window-sill and waited. The Chickadee came cautiously until he got to the wire right in front of my hand.

He turned back several times, but became bolder. At length he reached forward and pecked my hand with all his might. He found my hand was harmless so he reached forward from the wire and picked up some crumbs. He grew bolder each day until he hopped into my hand and ate the crumbs there. Other Chickadees followed his example and a Red-breasted Nuthatch soon plucked up courage enough to come too. This Red-breasted Nuthatch came to my hand but four times, three times reaching over from the window-sill to get a large crumb to fly away with, and once coming to my hand while it was held in mid air, staying there while he ate many crumbs. A month later I photographed a Chickadee on my hand; the result may be seen in the accompanying picture. Having learned through experience that the birds preferred doughnut crumbs to all others, I always placed doughnut crumbs on my hand, never giving them to the birds from any other place.

As the squirrels chased so many birds from the trees, I tried to think of some way by which I could feed the birds where the squirrels would not be able to bother them. I made a board platform, with a narrow side all around and inserted a wire in each of the four corners, which I joined to a single wire at the top. By means of a pulley, I pulled the platform from my window to the tree. I made a hole in the center in which I put a trough for

Downy Woodpecker.

water, while I scattered crumbs, nuts, squash seeds and suet around the edges. The birds soon learned that the squirels could not trouble then on the "restaurant," as we called it, so they came there to eat without fear. They showed a decided preference for the shag-bark nuts, which I cracked for them, but were also fond of squash seeds.

The Woodpeckers amused me very much by their peculiar habit of hopping up the tree, and, especially, in the way they backed down to the suet. They would fly to the tree, alight some distance above the suet, and back down by short hops to the place where a good breakfast awaited them. They sometimes stay immovable near the suet for nearly ten minutes. The Nuthatches also do this; one fell into this peculiar sleep upon my window-sill while I opened the window and touched him. It is peculiar how well the birds can tell time. They come at about the same time for weeks in succession to get their meals.

Now that the cold weather is over, the birds do not come so often. They have not eaten out of my hand since the middle of April. I shall keep a small supply of food upon the restaurant all the year round, so that the birds may be sure of something, whenever their natural supply fails, as it often does, after several days of rain. I hope the birds will be as tame next winter as they were this and I shall do my best to see that they are well fed.

THE RESTAURANT.

A CHRISTMAS RAMBLE.

(UNSIGNED.)

I passed the Christmas holidays at my home at Greenport, Long Island, and I took the time on Christmas morning to once more wander over the fields and through the woods, which were so familiar to me a few years ago. The weather was threatening rain, but I did not wish to miss the trip, so I prepared for wet weather, and started about 8:30 a. m., with note book and field glass. The day was hardly an ideal one for seeing birds, but the following will show that I was not entirely unsuccessful.

I had gone but a short distance, after leaving the house, when from above me came the "pick, pick, pick," of a Woodpecker. Looking up, I discovered two hairy woodpeckers on an upper limb. Certainly this was a good beginning. Soon after I passed by a long hedge of cedar trees I heard the familiar notes of that fluffy little bunch of feathers, the Chickadee. There were some ten or twelve of them, all having a great time among the branches.

As I walked out into the open country road, a number of hoarse "caw caws," told me that all the crows were not dead yet, for across the field were a number of them in a patch of woods. Here I left the road, and passing through the woods amid loud protests from the above mentioned crows, I came out upon the high bluff which extends all along the southern shores of Long Island Sound. I had not seen the Sound for some time, so I stopped to watch the waves roll up and break into foam on the beach. While I stood there a flock of Black Ducks went by, and after looking more closely I found several other flocks of both Old Squaw and Black Ducks, some floating on the water and others flying along just above the waves. Besides the ducks there were a number of Herring Gulls circling about.

A fine mist had now commenced to blow in from the northwest, so I decided to move. I followed the path of the life-saving patrol along the bluff for about two miles. In many places the path led me through sumac and bay bushes. In one of these spots were a number of Song Sparrows, evidently determined to stick it out all winter. They were so quiet that I hardly recognized them for the vivacious little songsters of spring and early summer. Numerous Chickadees, also, were there, either feeding on the bay berries or nervously hopping from branch to branch, while all along the bluff I heard the cheerful twitter of numerous Yellow-rumped Warblers. These last named birds, although their usual winter home is much farther south, are always to be found along the sound in winter and, in fact, are quite common around Greenport at that season. They seem to enjoy the cold weather for I have seen them often when the thermometer was blow zero, and the zero weather in the damp atmosphere of Eastern Long Island is as cold as twenty degrees inland.

About 10:30 I reached the Rocky Point Life Saving Station. The mist had settled into a driving rain. It did not seem to "fease" the birds at all though for there were still numbers of Ducks and Gulls on the water, and as I walked around the building I saw Chickadees, Warblers and a Nuthatch. Behind the buildings was a flock of about twenty Goldfinches feeding on some last year's seeds. On my approach they left the seeds and scattered across the field with swift undulating flight. Near the fence, in a pile of brush, was a Winter Wren and a number of Song Sparrows.

I turned toward the cedar woods, which come almost to the station on the west and came upon about thirty Lesser Redpolls. These birds were scattered through the tops of two oak trees which stood at the edge of the cedars. I watched them a few minutes, when, as if with a sudden impulse, they arose and disappeared over the woods.

Entering the cedars I found myself in a small wilderness of trees, bushes and cat briars. For some time I went on in silence save for the rattle of the rain on the dead leaves and when a startled rabbit scurried out of my way. Not even a Chickadee was to be found. At length, more or less scratched and torn by briars, I came upon a muddy lane, which seemed to lead toward civilization. I followed and soon left the woods behind. Suddenly from across the fields came the clear whistling call of a Meadow Lark. I stopped and listened. It came again and again. At length I saw him on the top of a fence post some distance off. A short distance farther the lane skirted the woods again and there among the bushes along the fence were thirty or forty Juncos and a few more Warblers. The lane ended in a barnyard. and just before I reached it I was startled by a loud whirring from a pine tree just ahead. I looked up quickly and was just in time to catch a glimpse of a flicker as it disappeared in the woods. I passed quickly through the yard out on to the road. In a maple across was a lone Robin, wet and bedragled, looking sorry enough. I had almost given up hopes of seeing any robins for there are usually a few around almost any time in winter. One year I found over one hundred in a dense grove of cedars and pine, on the 21st of January.

It was now after twelve o'clock and pretty well soaked by the rain, I had the good fortune to meet a friend with a covered rig, so I reached home in a short time without seeing any other birds. I did, however, see one other a little later, the Christmas turkey, for which I was just in time.

A THRASHER'S NEST.

As a rule now, I believe, the Brown Thrashers have learned to build their nests in low shrubs or trees, instead of on the ground, as used to be the cus-

tom with that branch of the Thrasher family, before the "fatal multiplication of cats."

But just behind a plain little white country school house in a thicket of young poplars and alders, near, or rather at the base of an old stump, *on the ground,* was a Thrasher's nest with five baby birds in it.

When we first discovered the nest we were in great fear lest we disturb the mother bird. But very soon we became very well acquainted. With all the marching and singing by the nest she did not seem to be at all afraid and appeared to enjoy it quite as much as anyone. With head tipped to one side, she seemed to be listening very attentively.

At every opportunity we watched the birds very closely. One noon, as we were at lunch near by, we threw some crumbs near the nest, hoping she would come out and pick them up. And sure enough, out she hopped, and took them! But she ate them herself! Finally, I suppose because she found them all right, she took a very large piece of bread in her mouth and immediately dropped it into one of the small bird's mouths. It being so large, only served as a prop to keep the little fellow's mouth open. In a few seconds she took it out and dropped it into another mouth and ended by eating it herself.

Photo from life by C. A. Smith.

BROWN THRASHER ON NEST.

Upon finding her fondness for crumbs, we all gathered around the nest and tried feeding her. She seemed to understand that we would not hurt her, for as soon as we offered to feed her she did not hesitate in taking the crumbs or insects. A few minutes after we succeeded in stroking her back and breast.

It was very funny to see the little birds' heads appear from all directions as soon as a crumb thrown would strike the nest. Like all young birds, of course, they were just as hungry when the mother was through feeding them as before, and were we to keep them in food it would take us the greater part of our time.

We grew to be so friendly with our family that we wanted a photograph of it, so a photographer was engaged to come up in a few days.

At last the day came, and out to the nest we all went, camera and all. And oh! such a disappointment was in store for us. Not a single occupant was there in the nest.

A very much crestfallen party, we started back for the school house, when one of the children shouted, "Here's one of the babies." We were delighted to find that small part of the family. So we tried to capture him, but not before two very angry Brown Thrashers were flying about us dangerously near.

We caught him finally and decided to take his picture. I never saw a more unwilling subject. He insisted on falling from the shrub where we placed him, every time the camera was ready to "snap." At last when we found that way would never do, I held the little fellow in my hand. We got a picture, but not a very successful one probably.

If one really wants to become acquainted with a very friendly family of birds, I would suggest the Thrashers. They are very interesting in their ways and will afford much pleasure to any real lover of birds. R. F. B.

SOME INTERESTING HOMES.

By H. H. Dunn.

Birds are so plentiful in California that we do not take more than passing notice at least of the more common kinds. This year, however, I was especially interested in a pair of Quail, which nested in a large field, not far from my home in Los Angeles. The field had not been touched with a plow for several years, and this season it was not even used for cattle pasture, so it became the home of countless Linnets, Sparrows, Horned Larks and other ground-nesters, as well as this one pair of Quail. Where they came from I do not know, for it is some six miles back to the oak-lined canyons, where these birds are usually found. However, the owner of the lot protected them from wandering boys and "Sunday hunters," who are the banes of our

birds, and they made their nest in the rank grass at the base of an old stump, squarely in the middle of the pasture. Here they layed 14 eggs and the photo shows you the nest on the day the last egg was laid. Sometimes the Valley Quail will weave an arch of grass blades over her nest as does the Bob-white, but not often, and in this case the ornamentation was entirely omitted, so that when Mother Quail left the nest the eggs were quite exposed. Nothing happened to them, however, and all fourteen hatched.

Two met an untimely end, but the remaining twelve and two parent birds are still to be seen and heard around the place. Probably they will remain there and two or three pairs of them nest in the surrounding fields next season.

Photo by H. H. Dunn

NEST OF VALLEY PARTRIDGE.

Another nest I found a season or two ago, down in the lowlands between this city and the beach contained five snow-white eggs, and was the home of a Short-eared Owl, quite a rare bird in California. When I found the nest the old birds were at home—the female on the nest, the male sitting in the tall grass, close by. Unfortunately, someone found the nest shortly after I did and robbed it of its treasures, for when I went back to photograph the young birds, three weeks later, there was not even a scrap of a broken shell in the nest and the old birds were gone.

This nest was flat on the ground, the eggs merely laid on a mat of marsh grass, with a little rim of broken grass stems around it. I think it was an abandoned nest of some one of the rail tribe, though it may have been made by the owls themselves. These owls do an immense amount of good for the farmers of this section and I regret very much the destruction of this one family.

The other photo I present is of a cave-cut cliff, wherein not one pair, but a colony of Pacific Horned Owls have nested for years.

Photo by A. H. Bradford

NESTING PLACE OF PACIFIC HORNED OWL.

Photo by H. H. Dunn

NEST OF SHORT-EARED OWL.

THE "SNOWBIRD."

HARRY B. TIERNEY.

CHILD:

I.

"Little bird,
Have you heard
From the King of Snow?
From his palace in the sky,
Where he dwells alone on high,
Does he mean us joy or harm,
When he sends the snow and storm?
Is there wisdom in my tears,
Is there reason in my fears,
Tell me,
Little bird."

SNOW-BIRD:

II.

"As you know,
Birds of snow
Love the old Snow King.
In the snow storm we delight,
Messages we bear each night,
When the snow is falling fast,
When the robin's day is past,
From our Master, kind old man,
And his happiness we plan,
Fear not,
He loves man."

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

This is a great country of ours. I began to write something about the birds which are swinging on the weed stalks above the snow banks, cheerily calling a "Happy New Year to you," in spite of the sharp pinches which Jack Frost is giving them, then I was reminded that some of our young folks are at that moment listeneing to the Mocking Birds and watching the sallies of the Loggerhead Shrike, as he darts after his prey. It reminds me again of Longfellow's lines, "Tis always morning somewhere, and above the awakening continents, from shore to shore, somewhere the birds are singing evermore."

But wherever this may find you—in New England's crisp, bracing winter air, or among roses and sweet singers in warm lands, we send you each one the same greetings—Best wishes to every one of our boys and girls for a Happy New Year.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYEHOUGHT.

A BARRELFUL OF TROGLODYTES AEDON.

In a certain oak, but a stone's throw from the veranda, Jack nailed a tiny brown barrel but eight inches in diameter. In the head of the barrel was a bung hole not quite as large as a silver quarter, which you found in the toe of your stocking on Christmas morning.

Jack waited, and waited, till finally upon one May morning, Sir Christophr Wren and his wee wife, Jenny, came to town; they were looking for a rent, and when they saw the barrel in the oak they decided that nothing could suit them better and at once proceeded to engage summer apartments.

With an unlimited amount of chattering, the furnishing was begun. Twigs, hay, feathers were carried in. Over and over again did Jenny attempt to enter with a stick so long that it was forced from her bill to the ground below by the lintels of the small doorway.

The English Sparrows made many an assault upon them, but once within the house, the Wrens were safe, and uttered cries of defiance against the foreign intruders.

In the course of time the nest was completed, and patiently Jenny sat upon seven thickly speckled eggs—all through incubation and until the little ones went out into the world to seek their fortunes. Sir Christopher sang a merry roundelay, and the yard seemed very lonely and quiet when our nine diminutive neighbors flew away, hundreds of miles to a winter home.

That was a year ago. With the return of spring, back came our jolly brown couple. Meantime winter rains and Jack Frost's freezes had warped the round house in the oak. The head of the barrel, which was next to the tree trunk had sprung away, leaving a gap of nearly an inch at the rear. Would Jenny and Chris approve of such quarters? They spent several days arguing, scolding and even quarreling over the situation, then disappeared, no doubt to search for a more up-to-date residence. But perhaps desirable rents were scarce, or the love of the old homestead prevailed, for in the course of a week, to Jack's great delight, they reappeared, and the story of the previous summer was repeated, disproving the tradition that one ray of light would addle the eggs of a wren.

The middle of July brought a week of stifling heat, then the wisdom of the Wren's choice was made evident. With a front door and a back door too, the babies received the benefit of every passing breeze. Father Wren would rush to the garden, seize a plump worm, or insect, return with it to the top of the barrel, and with palpitating wings burst into a paroxysm of song, then slip over the roof to the back door entrance, and pass down the choice morsel to Mother Wren within: with another outburst of song, away he would dash after more food. I would not dare say how many times an hour this performance was repeated.

Occasionally Jenny, herself, would venture forth, but she always seemed to choose the circular front door for her exit and entrance. Should Father Wren chance to come before her return home, he would enter the back door, feed the children, and slip through the house out of the front door. He always announced his arrival in an excited burst of song, as if to say, "I'm

back again! Was there ever such a nimble chap? Here's the nicest worm yet!" And upon the reception of his offering, he paused again to repeat a rollicking farewell. Sometime he would stay long enough to display his skill as an acrobat, gliding round, over, under and on top of the little house, defying every law of gravitation, pausing midway in his circuit to sing in an exultant manner.

One day an English Sparrow darted down and seized a worm from the Wren's bill just before he reached the nest, and with the greatest of impudence sat upon a branch close by and calmly devoured it.

For nearly four weeks the untiring father brought innumerable tidbits to the voluble chatterers within the barrel. One morning they were gone. Will they return next spring? Jack thinks so, for now that the oak is dressed in white in place of its summer robe of green, he is busily planing and hammering and next season there will be an up-to-date house with apartments to rent, securely fastened to the tree trunk, and Jenny and Christopher Wren will make glad again the summer hours for us.

Enigma.

My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 is now with us.
My 2-6-7 is a part of the head.
My 4-5-3 is a tree.
My 4-2-1 is a small piece of money.
My 1-2-6-7 is not far.
My 7-6-3 is uncooked.
My 3-6-1 is pale.
My 4-2 is yourself.
My 6-4 is yes.

What is My Name?

I am dressed in black and white plumage; my back of black bears a broad white stripe down the center. My head is black with nape of scarlet with a wide white line above and below my eye. My wings are spotted with white and my belly is pure white. I am about 9 1-2 inches in length, and lay 5 or 6 white eggs in a hole in a tree. I like the suet which you hung in the tree for me.

Gleanings.

The nest of the red-breasted nuthatch.

The bark at their entrance is coated with fir-balsam or pitch from an inch to three or four inches around the hole. In one instance the pitch extended down for twenty-one inches, and was stuck full of the red breast feathers of the Nuthatches.

—Davie.

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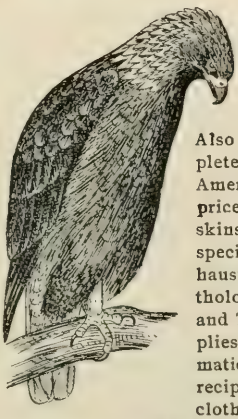

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We have made the following awards for coloring the December bird supplement: 1st., Courtenay Brandreth, Ossining, N. Y.; 2nd., Nellie Thiel, Renwick, Iowa; 3rd., Margaret Strauss, West Alexander, Pa.

A few more were received this month than in the November contest and the average excellence remains about the same. A few showed that the artist was not acquainted with the Redstart and some said that they were colored from descriptions of the birds. Most of these showed how little idea one can get of the appearance of a bird from description unaided by illustrations.

In Northern United States it is now the season when we can sit in our homes and build air castles in regard to the things we are going to accomplish, or possibly short trips that we are going to make, when the birds come back. We hope you will realize all your expectations, and more, and send the results of your observations to American Ornithology. Others will like to know what you are doing and in return will relate their experiences. When you see anything unusual or interesting, do not forget that the Bird Magazine furnishes a medium whereby thousands of others may know of it.

THE GOLDFINCH.

Whose wavy flight and cheery whistle
Adorn the wastes o'ergrown with thistles;
No field so foul with noisome weeds,
But there the dainty Goldfinch feeds,
And greets with song the fervent rays
That flood high noon of August days.

—CHAS. C. ABBOTT.

AMERICAN GOLDFINCH.

A. O. U. No. 529. **(Astragalinus tristis).**

The common Goldfinch is found throughout the United States and in Canada north to Labrador, Manitoba, and British Columbia. In the Rocky Mountains, from Northern Mexico to British Columbia, Goldfinches are found to average slightly larger than the eastern ones, and in the winter plumage they are paler and with more white on the wings; this variety is called the Western Goldfinch (A. t. pallidus). Still further west, from Lower California north to Washington, Goldfinches are found to be of the same size as the eastern ones, but darker in color and with the white areas as pronounced as in the Western variety; this sub-species is called the California Goldfinch (A. t. salicamans).

But wherever they are found and by whatever name they may be called, they are always the same jolly golden-hearted, as well as golden-plumaged fellows, friends of all and enemies of none. They are always associated in my mind with thistles, for, since childhood, I have always delighted in sitting on a side hill watching these birds, gleams of sunshine they seem as the suns rays play on their beautiful coats, gathering load after load of light thistle-down to weave into their homes. In Massachusetts, at least, this thistle-down seems to be a staple building material; of perhaps half a hundred nests that I have examined, not one has been without it and in many it formed the bulk of the nest. I have often wondered if they deferred their home-building, for they do not nest until July or August, because of their liking for this material or whether it was from some other cause. No other bird habitually breeds so late; I have found Goldfinch nests with eggs after the first of September, and the young were still unable to fly when other birds were migrating.

Do you know of any place where a trickling brook winds its way through clumps of alders? That is the place to look for Goldfinch nests, just such a place as you would expect to find Woodcock in the fall, where the ground is soft for "boring." If you have a sportsman friend, ask him if he knows of any Woodcock "covers;" during July and August these places might well be termed Goldfinch "covers." If the place is small there will probably but one pair nest there, but if it covers considerable ground you may find as many as a dozen pairs nesting in peace and harmony.

Their nests are firmly made of the softest material and very securely fastened in a crotch usually out of reach from the ground. A year ago last August I came across one of these nests, the first that I had seen for several

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

NEST AND EGGS OF GOLDFINCH.

Photo by C. A. Smith.

YOUNG GOLDFINCHES IN NEST.

years, so I was anxious to see if the eggs looked as they used to. The nest was about ten feet from the ground and the alder was very small in diameter, woefully small when my weight was considered. By gathering together two of the neighboring alders with the one containing the nest, I had a foundation strong enough to enable me to slowly hitch my way up so that I could peer over the edge of the nest and view the six pale bluish white eggs contained therein. The nest was well made, but small even for a Goldfinch; about three weeks later it was filled to overflowing with little birdies, packed so tightly that one would hardly think they could breathe.

Happiness personified is expressed in every action and note of the male finches when their mates are sitting upon the nests. With the breaking of

day each little black-capped head is withdrawn from beneath the feathers where it has reposed in slumber, their bills are pointed skywards, and, after a few musical and expressive "dearies," their throats swell with the sweetest of bird music, rivaling that of the trained Canary. The morning chorus of the Goldfinches is one of the most thrilling of bird melodies and more than repays the loss of a few hours sleep to hear it.

Their food consists almost exclusively of seeds of a great variety of weeds and small buds, and is insectivorous only when they are feeding their young, and then only to a small extent.

In the fall the males change their bright summer garb and assume a sombre colored coat similar to that of the females; the young are also dressed in the same style. They are not migratory in the latitude of Massachusetts, and large flocks of them roam about the country feeding upon what weeds

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG GOLDFINCHES.

project above the snow, and being especially fond of sunflower seeds. Many kind hearted persons plant a supply of these flowers so that the birds may have at least a few square meals when their natural food is scarce. In April all the males commence to assume their summer clothes again. At this time of the year large flocks of them may be found feeding upon the buds of birches or other trees, swinging from the slender twigs and singing sweet snatches of song between bites. Every once in awhile one or more of them will make a short detour, bounding off through the air in swinging undulations accompanied with their intermittent twitter, both being characteristic of their flight.

A WINTER JOY.

By Josephine L., Parsons, Ohio.

As a most delightful diversion from the monotony of winter days, we have near a convenient window a tree of strange winter fruits and blossoms. Ordinarily an apple tree in winter is bare and uninteresting, yet our tree is a veritable banquet hall, gay with guests. From the lower limbs of this tree hang pieces of suet, and a lunch basket, and here the birds of winter hold high carnival. At any time of day, may be seen a merry company of feasters: little downy Woodpeckers, Tufted Titmice, Chickadees and Nuthatches. Tightly clinging to the balls of fat, they are the sport of the winds, which whirl them gaily as they feast. Titmice are dainty in their light vests, gray coats of chestnut lining, and little monkish hoods from beneath which peep sharp and roguish eyes. The Chickadees—those little balls of cheerfulness—flit light as thistledown.

> "There is no sorrow in their song,
> No winter in their year."

Unique of birds is the little Nuthatch. On the tree trunk, he crawls with equal ease, head upward, or downward, and takes his meals regardless alike of laws of gravitation, or of table etiquette.

Presently with sharp, stabbing cry arrives a Hairy Woodpecker, and all the tiny birds quickly disappear. This bustler hammers, thrashes, shrieks, gobbles his hurried meal, and is off, just in time to dodge the onslaught of the warlike Blue-jay—terror of all the lesser birds. One can harldly tolerate his harsh, tyrannical ways, yet how beautiful he is! Latest and happiest of surprises was the visit of a real Kentucky Cardinal, which stayed only long enough to select a morsel to his liking, then hurried away. His appearance confirmed for us the numerous reports that this brilliant bird of southern sunshine is becoming resident even in Northern Ohio.

Thus, with little outlay of time or effort we have drawn about us our feathered friends. Surely, any bird lover willing to make the experiment could as easily attract to his door the little winter birds, which are only too glad thus to supplement their often scanty winter larder.

WHY I LIKE THE CHICKADEE.

When you were a child, if you happened to live in the country, you were told that in order to catch the wild birds all that was necessary was to throw a little salt on their tails.

I well remember thinking what an easy thing that would be, so I found a basket, filled it with salt and quietly sneaked off back of the barn, up the old lane to the back pasture. About night fall I came back cross and disgusted, but a wiser child.

In those boyish days I wanted birds for pets. I did not care to kill, only to handle and to confine. How much greater is the pleasure, when the birds come to you of their own accord!

It was a cold winter's day and the snow was deep, yet I had taken a long walk across the fields and through the woods, reading the stories so plainly printed there. I entered a hemlock thicket in the midst of which was a small clear spot. Among the hemlocks the chickadees were busily engaged. I stopped as is my wont to watch the cheerful little fellows. I extended my hand and stood motionless; at first they did not notice me, then one or two of them flew toward me and quickly returned to the hemlocks. Finally one more bold than his companions actually alighted on my hand, eyed me curiously and went briskly about his work, evidently concluding that my hand contained nothing for him.

Ever since that day the Chickadee has been my favorite. He has trusted me, and from that time my love for the little chap has been more than ever before.

NELSON A. JACKSON.
Keuka Park, N. Y.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

This is a beautiful day in my locality and the birds have been singing all the morning. Among the species of the Thrush family that live and rear their young in my neighborhood is the Mocking-bird. I feel that I must write and tell the readers of this magazine about a pair of these birds that have been carolling in the orchard and garden this sunny day. The peach

and plum trees are in bloom, and the bees are gathering honey from the fragrant blossoms. Two Mocking-birds have been chasing one another in and out among the flowering branches, and singing and chirping all the while. These birds sing on the wing and it is indeed pleasing to see them flying here and there playing and singing. Spring is coming and they are showing more life than they did during the winter months. The music of this bird is sweetest to me, although the Wood Thrush sings more tenderly and serenely.

The Mocking-birds have been singing more today than during the past days for it is sunnier. Now they chant softly and then they pour forth their whole hearts and souls in the richest of melody. One can listen for hours and then not tire. Their singing cannot be mistaken for that of any other bird. There is a richness and fullness about the notes that will ever charm.

I am sure that several pair of them will nest in my orchard this spring. I find their nests every year. How I wish every reader of the magazine could come South this spring and hear the Mocking-bird. They will sing now every day unless it is unusually cool and rainy. Perhaps at another time I can write more an account of their nesting habits more fully.

CLEMENT S. BRYAN,
Georgia.

A MALDEN (MASS.) BIRD LIST.

This is a list of birds which is based upon a four year record of the birds within one hundred yards of my house, which stands in the city, with houses on all sides nearer than a hundred yards and with about a twenty foot lawn in front.

This list shows what can be seen in an unfavorable place and, therefore, may interest many of the readers who are thus situated in the city:

*Flying over.

1. American Herring Gull.*
2. Black Duck.*
3. Canada Geese.*
4. Brant Geese. * (1903).
5. Bald Eagle.* (1893).
6. American Sparrow Hawk.*
7. Screech Owl. (1889).
8. Yellow-billed Cuckoo.
9. Black-billed Cuckoo.
10. Kingfisher.*
11. Hairy Woodpecker.
12. Downy Woodpecker.
13. Flicker.
14. Night Hawk.*
15. Chimney Swift.
16. Ruby-throated Humming-bird.
17. Kingbird.
18. Wood Pewee.
19. Least Flycatcher.
20. Blue Jay.
21. Common Crow.
22. Red-winged Blackbird.
23. Baltimore Oriole.
24. English Sparrow.
25. American Crossbill.
26. Redpoll Linnet. (1899).
27. American Goldfinch.
28. White-throated Sparrow.

29. Chipping Sparrow.
30. Junco.
31. Song Sparrow.
32. Towhee.
33. Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
34. Scarlet Tanager.
35. Cedar Waxwing.
36. Northern Shrike.
37. Red-eyed Vireo.
38. Yellow-throated Vireo.
39. Black and White Warbler.
40. Nashville Warbler.
41. Yellow Warbler.
42. Myrtle Warbler.
43. Magnolia Warbler.
44. Chestnut-sided Warbler.
45. Blackpoll Warbler.
46. Black-throated Green Warbler.
47. Pine Warbler.
48. Oven-bird.
49. Water Thrush (Northern).
50. Maryland Yellow-throat.
51. Canadian Warbler.
52. Redstart.
53. Cat-bird.
54. Brown Thrasher.
55. Brown Creeper.
56. White-breasted Nuthatch.
57. Red-breasted Nuthatch.
58. Chickadee.
59. Golden-crowned Kinglet.
60. Ruby-crowned Kinglet.
61. Olive-backed Thrush. (1902).
62. Hermit Thrush.
63. Robin.
64. Blue-bird.

When I have given a date it is to be understood that the bird has been observed but once and in the year given.

Hoping this may find way into your helpful magazine, I remain,

Yours truly,

GORDON BOIT WELLMAN,
54 Beltran St., Malden, Mass.

THE WOOD THRUSH.

In the dark, muggy shades of the woodland,
  In the celandine and jewelweed lush,
Sweetest, surely fairest of music,
  I hear the voice of the Thrush.

Full of mystery, unsolved, unsolvable,
  Voicing the infinite promise,
Fraught with happiness, joy indissolvable,
  I hear the voice of the Thrush.

In the cool of the morning, the heat of the noon,
  In the quiet of vesper hush,
Unchanged, ever true, all sublime,
  I hear the voice of the Thrush.

Full of love, to mate, to God,
  Singing of boundless content,
Telling of great grief, yet greater joy,
  I hear the voice of the Thrush.

—N. F.

Photo from life by Alfred J. Meyer.

OSPREY LEAVING NEST.

BIRDS OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

The Mountain Blue-bird of the Pacific slope in size and habits does not differ in the least from its relatives of Canada and the Atlantic seaboard, but, in his dress, the male differs quite noticeably. Instead of having a brown throat and breast, his throat is as blue as his back, having almost a greenish shade, and the breast and belly are only a little lighter in color, having no approach towards brown. The rest of his dress is the same as that of his eastern cousin. The female is very similar in color to one of the east, but is a little nearer the shade of the Turtle-dove.

During the past spring I had an excellent opportunity to observe the conduct of a pair of Blue-birds very closely, for they came early and built a nest in a corner of an unfinished porch that had not been ceiled overhead. During the progress of their work they were watched very closely by a favorite house cat that had too much of the native instinct of its race to be broken of it, and after the nest was completed and four eggs were laid, the female was caught and killed. The mate then disappeared, and in preparing to ceil the porch, the nest was taken out, but before the work could be completed, he returned with a second wife, and with much twittering tried to get her to assist in rebuilding the nest. But she seemed to feel that she had been deceived, and said as plainly as looks could say: "You stated to me what was false. You told me there was a nest already built with four eggs in it, while in fact there is nothing." When she would go off and perch upon something with an air of cold indifference, he would collect materials for the nest, and try to rebuild it. His work was soon stopped, however, by the place being ceiled up. Meanwhile, the female had selected a corner under the rafters of another unfinished porch, much like that chosen by her predecessor, and had commenced to build, but this also had to be torn out, and the place shut up. This cut off all suitable places for building about the house, and because of the danger they were in on account of the cat, I almost hoped they would seek some safer locality, but so persistent were they in their search for some place about the house that would answer, that I took compassion upon them, made a box and put it up in a safe place near where they tried to build the second time. So tame were they that within an hour after the box was in place, they were happily building again, and soon had a nest completed. Four eggs were deposited and in due time four little birds appeared. With much watchful care the parents were protected until the young ones were fully fledged, when one sunny morning they flew away to a great cherry orchard, where there was ample shade and an abundance of delicious food.

The Jay of the coast country differs even more from his eastern cousin than the Blue-bird. He is larger, much darker in color, and in conduct is

YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER.

Photo by S. P. Brownell.

YOUNG YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER.

much like the Crow. With his strong beak he will dig into potato hills, take out young potatoes and carry them away in such quantities that his ravages in some localities, near woodlands, become very annoying to farmers and gardeners, and his visits are looked upon here with about the same suspicion that those of the Crow are by the farmers of New England.

But with all his predatory habits he is a very strong, erect, stately and beautiful bird, one that the naturalist never tires of observing.

YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER.

A. O. U. No. 402. **(Sphyrapicus varius).**

Yellow-bellied Sapsuckers are one of our most beautiful woodpeckers. Adult males have a red crown, red throat, and black breast patch; adult females have the red crown but the throat is white; young birds have the head and breast mottled with gray and blackish, the males often showing some red feathers in the crown. Young birds in the second year show all the stages of plumage between their first dress and that of the adults.

At different seasons of the year they are abundant in all sections of the United States east of the plains. They nest in the northern tier of states and in Canada, and south in the mountain ranges as far as North Carolina. From October until April they may be found in the southern half of the United States, usually spending the winte south of the snow line.

Their habits are quite different from those of our other common woodpeckers, such as the Downy, Hairy and Red-head. They are quite sluggish in all their actions, fly slowly, and remain clinging to branches or the trunks of trees, motionless for long periods at a time. They are, however, adepts at hiding; they are very rarely found to be timid, but as you approach they will sidle around the branch so as to be on the opposite side, and then remain motionless, knowing that their colors and markings blend well with the tree trunk so that there is little chance of their being seen by a casual observer. At times they are quite noisy, and their squealing "wheeu" is different from the notes of any others of the family.

Their homes are made in hollow trees, and range in height from five to fifty feet from the ground. They dig their own holes, and usually select a rather solid limb or tree stub to bore into. The entrance is very round and the walls of the interior are smooth. The hole extends downward about a foot and is unlined save by a few small chips. The first of the four or five eggs that they lay, is usually deposited the latter part of May or early in June, and three weeks later these have been transformed into helpless, squirming youngsters, that in due course of time will attain coats like those of their parents. To acquire the perfect plumage of the adult probably re-

quires three years. In the fall is the most likely time to meet with these Woodpeckers, for then they are traveling about in bands of from five to seven, the young remaining in company with their parents for several months after they leave their nest.

Now we come to the question of the economic value of the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker. I do not wish it understood that I judge the value of a bird in a strictly economic sense, for I consider a beautiful or attractive bird or a good songster to be as welcome a tenant as a gourmand with a large appetite for insects. The Sapsucker is so named because he is supposed to, and does to a certain extent, drink the sap of trees, thereby retarding their growth or, as some claim, killing them. Quantities of material has been written upon this subject but, with very few exceptions, it seems to be based upon hearsay and lacks conclusive evidence. There is no doubt whatever that, at times, they do drink sap, but I very much doubt if they indulge in this practice to an extent that would do any material injury to a tree. In the fall these birds are quite abundant in Massachusetts and I have always taken particular pains to watch these birds at every opportunity, often spending an hour or more following one bird to see just what he was feeding upon, and I have never, during the many years that I have been in the woods, seen one one of them take one drop of sap from any kind of a tree. I have said before that they were sluggish in their movements; they are the greater part of the time, but that does not apply when they are feeding for then they climb about the trunks and branches with as much eagerness as a Downy or Hairy Woodpecker ever did, and they seem to get just as many insects. I have often seen them dash out into the air and catch insects that were flying by, something that I have never seen any other member of the family do. He may be a sapsucker, but I know that he is an insect-eater. Personally I think that they are nearly as much value as insect destroyers as is the Downy, and I am not yet, in view of my experiences, ready to admit that they do any material damage.

Most of you have probably noticed apple trees that had rows of holes extending around, or nearly around, the trunk. I was always told, and frequently see it in print now, that these were made by Sapsuckers. Perhaps some of them are, but not all. Last fall I watched a Downy busily at work hammering on the trunk of an apple tree. He would pound away for about half a minute steadily in one spot and then hitch sideways about an inch, and repeat the operation; when he had completely encircled the tree, he dropped down about his length and made another ring around the trunk. The marks left on the tree were identical with those that I had supposed were made by the Sapsuckers. The Downy did not appear to find anything to eat, and I concluded that he was doing it in play or that he wished to sharpen his bill.

Whether the Sapsucker is injurious or not we are not sure, but we know that he is handsome, and I should like to see more of them about our houses, as well as to more often hear their drumming in the woods, for besides being noisy with their voices, they like to play upon a resonant piece of wood with their bill.

THE INCONSTANCY OF MOTHER WREN.

Fine feathers do really make fine birds, according to the ethics of one little brown Wren. Early in the spring a pair of those musical birds selected a lilac bush close to my study window and began to build their summer home.

Everything, seemingly, went merry as a marriage bell. Both birds worked upon the nest building and one speckled egg had been laid when one day a village boy possessed himself of an air gun, and anxious to show his prowess as a hunter, went out one morning to war upon the birds. Mr. Benedict Wren was among the victims, but luckily escaped with his life. He had, however, lost the greater part of his beautiful tail.

Returning to the lilac tree, he gazed ruefully at his loss and tried in vain to arrange his remaining plumage in such a way as to conceal his lack of feathers.

While in the midst of his toilet Mrs. Wren returned to the nest. She eyed her spouse suspiciously, while he evidently tried to tell her of his sad misfortune and narrow escape. Presto! what a change! Instead of offering consolation and sympathy, Mother Wren became violently angry and refused to accept any attention at all from her dismantled spouse. In vain he tried to appease her anger. He sang his sweetest song, he brought her a delicious worm, but every moment the little dame became more and more exasperated. At last, in high dudgeon, she flew off to some neighboring bushes and returned not again, leaving her disconsolate spouse, the nest and the one egg to fate. A few days after, I saw not far away, a new nest begun and learned the little bird had taken a new mate. I knew it must be she for on a bough not many feet away sat the forsaken mate, uttering now and then a plaintive chirp, but keeping an ever watchful eye upon his successful rival, who was now so busily attentive to Madam Wren. The nesting went on to completion. A brood of five were reared and a second one of three the same summer.

The poor little cast-off did not long repine. In less than a week he returned to his favorite perch upon the lilac tree. The tree was then bursting into bloom. He would sit there hour by hour pouring out melody and sweetness as if to rival the beauty and fragrance around him. In time the missing plumage was replaced by new feathers. Indeed, his fall coat lacked but little the beauty of his spring attire. Long after the other birds had flown the little Wren kept his sad tryst in the lilac tree. I sometimes feared I should some morning find him frozen stiff on his perch, but one November morning I missed him and I thought I had seen the last of my little friend, but lo! early one morning the following March, just a few days after I had heard the Blue-birds and Robins for the first time, I heard a sweet warble in the old lilac bush. Looking out I recognized my old friend of last sum-

mer. I whistled and he replied with a soft twitter, as he had the season before. On a branch a few feet from him sat a demure little mate, preening her feathers, whom the dauntless cavalier had found somewhere in the sunny Southland, or had met on his journey thither. Early in April they began to repair the forsaken nest of last year, brooded and reared their young unmolested and with no mishap. As I look from my window a sunny morning I often wonder if some bright spring morning I shall hear again the merry notes of my little brown friend.

BERTIE M. PHILLIPS,
Oxford, Maine.

TWO BIRDS AND A GARDEN.

Ten evergreens in a row, heavy of figure and foliage, deep and green in the brightest sunlight. Place given to shrubberies, flower beds, with intervening spaces of lawn—the garden wall, and beyond the usual surroundings of a rural neighborhood. This is my garden.

You may watch for a month amid the forest, or even in the cheerful and well liked meadow resorts, and not see, nor hear, as many small birds as may be noted in a day from our open window overlooking a quarter of an acre with the furnishings just described.

The Chickadee's unchanging note, sounding out of the midst of a February snowstorm, the eerie voice of a stray Whip-poor-will, heard in the soft darkness of a June night; the Meadow-larks long drawn note of chronic despondency coming for the most part from the fields beyond the garden wall, and sometimes nearer at hand; the Owl's ill-omened utterances from the depths of the evergreens on a moonless November night; the fairy-like utterances of the Wren and Warbler tribe,—these and others go toward making up the number of different sounds which may be counted upon surely.

There are, however, included in this description, a half dozen or so, which, unless some dire calamity befalls them, may be relied on to appear with as much certainty as the grass and tree foliage, when times and conditions are ready for them. Among these, always in the foreground of the recollection is the garden's Robin.

Just here it may be said, that when the early settlers gave this big Thrush the name by which it has since been known, because of the brick-dust colored bosom and partiality for the vicinity of dwelling houses brought to mind the amiable songster they had left over the seas; it remained for a closer acquaintance to show that this prominent feathered inhabitant of the New World was interested chiefly in the advantages the newly ploughed fields around the settlements afforded for his principal occupation of exhuming

earth worms, instead of any ideas belonging to the social or sentimental side of things.

Possibly, too, in view of the difficulties of bringing to a stage of maturity the young of the Robin race, man, as compared with other foes, was judged among the lesser evils. The American Robin has some superior qualities of mind, evident to the observer in the expression of his face and figure, and in the tones of his voice; but not even his best friend can maintain that in culture and breeding he is the equal of his old country namesake.

It is not surprising, however, that the species found more favor than some other American songsters in the eyes of the New England settler. The Robin's qualities of mind and morals resemble those of the Puritan to a degree hardly thought to be possible in a wearer of feathers.

The type of virtue by which this bird is distinguished among his feathered neighbors is that of a description that commands respect, but fails often to inspire anything like a warm regard from those around him. His faults, even his best friends would be obliged to admit, are not those easily overlooked by him who, whether man or bird, would live in peace and charity with his neighbor. While considering this phase of Robin character it may not be out of order to make mention of the air of distinct disapproval with which this bird regards the doings of his more frivolous minded companions among the smaller birds. Next to his chief and most toilsome task in life, that of bringing up his family in the way they should go,—a way it may be observed he is firmly persuaded he has followed himself without a single deviation from the middle of the road, a favorite theme of his, apparently, is the ways of the rest of the supposedly sinful featherdom and animated creation in general, and he believes they are all united in efforts directed against the well being of such saints as him and his.

From the time he deposits the first beakful of mud that forms the cornerstone of his family hut in the first spruce on the avenue, until his note of reprimand is given through force of habit, to the unresponsive stretches of the winter woods, it is chiefly the sunny side of his life his attention is given to.

A considerable portion of the mental energy belonging to the particular specimen that supplies me with most material for thought concerning Robin manners and moods, is devoted toward suitable expression of his deep-seated and personal dislike of the garden's Catbird. The Catbird, it must be said, has not a few shortcomings which cannot but call for unfavorable comment from those around him.

One of these is his ill-concealed curiosity concerning his neighbor's manner of life. At least the Robin is firmly persuaded that no other explanation can be given of his presence, when he comes upon him, as he frequently does to

my certain knowledge, silently inspecting the depths of the heavy boughed tree which contains his, the Robin's domicile. Another grievance, apparently, of the Robin, is the Catbird's manner of using his vocal talents. It is doubtless trying to a bird like the Robin, who to all appearances, regards himself as a sort of feathered Sankey in the woodland choir, to have brought into unwilling notice, the unseemly and erratic manner in which the wearer of the Quaker-like gray frequently renders his part in the spring time chorus.

He, the Catbird, may be frequently heard at any hour of the day, and not seldom at night, engaged in making a combination of sounds, not suggestive, like that the Thrush will favor his hearers with, of a poetical appreciation of the times and season, nor even to be tolerated for the sake of the feeling prompting it, like the tuneless gush of small notes constituting the songs, so called, of some of the weaker minded among the Warblers, but just apparently a line of experiments on the ever interesting subject of his own vocal capacity. Here it may be said that the Robin never objects to the presence of the Brown Thrasher that renders a solo from the top of the biggest tree in the avenue, every June evening. That is possibly partly on account of the claims of near relationship, and partly because the school of singing to which the Thrasher belongs is one from which the Robin has obtained all his own requirements in the vocal line, though in a lesser degree than his speckled breasted cousin with the finished education.

In the Thrasher recitals he has a free demonstration of the methods practiced by that gifted family, and from this brown bird with the dreamy yellow eyes, he may frequently get "points" on effective tone coloring.

The Catbird is possibly not less impressed than his neighbors with the performance of the chief songster of the place, but the use he makes of any idea he may get is in an entirely different line from the Robin's efforts at psalmody,—hence another point of variance. The Robin has not, to all appearances, a very high opinion of his neighbor's abilities as a vocalist.

Some of his shortcomings, from the Robin's standpoint, have been described already, but yet another productive of much ill-feeling has been the Catbird's habit of practicing his vocal exercises at the least suitable times and seasons. Not only is he given to making his untiring effort at voice culture extend through the long hours of the June days, but he quite often keeps it up through the limited time allowed for sleep during the short summer nights. Whatever may be said of the Robin's faults, his capacity for hard work is unquestioned, and when at the end of a hard day's toil in the interests of a young family, the toiler closes his eyes for a brief respite from carking care ere the coming of the early daylight, it is not a thing that tends to soothe a natural irritability of temperament, to find his neighbor has taken

that time, of all others, to exhibit, as no doubt he believes, his superior methods of song.

The garden's Catbird has been in the habit throughout the past June of awakening just about the turn of midnight to begin these vocal exercises, continuing them by sheer force of will power apparently when the tones of his voice betrayed the fact that he would be better for a period of somnolence himself. I rather sided with the Robin on the mornings following these nocturnal performances, when the latter was wont to devote all his spare time to inflict such punishment as would be felt and remembered the next time he was guilty of banishing much needed sleep from the neighborhood.

To anyone contemplating the future ownership of a garden at all approaching the description I have given, this information on the ways of its feathered tenants is offered in advance of what experience will teach.

A. C. Tyndall, Toronto.

Photo by L. S. Horton.

Young Bobolinks.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

My little friend Anna has asked me to tell you about the visitors—clad in black and white feathers—which come to her every winter.

Anna lives in a country village, where she has few neighbors, and this pair of Downy Woodpeckers have helped many lonely hours to pass happily. As soon as the first cool days of fall are here, she places various kinds of food which the birds like upon the sill and in a box fastened by the side of a sunny window.

For several years Mr. and Mrs. Downy Woodpecker have picnicked by the window daily all winter long. Anna talks to them and they seem to understand English and talk back in their own limited language, and even peck on the glass when her red lips are pressed against the window pane.

Other birds come and go, Chickadees, Tree Sparrows, and Hairy Woodpeckers, but Mr. and Mrs. Downy are loyal friends and can be depended upon day in and day out to call for their daily rations, saying "Thank you," between bites.

Next month Hans will tell you, perhaps, of his strange pet. Who else among our boys and girls will tell us of their successes, (or failures) in taming the birds about them?

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

Answers to January Puzzles.

Enigma No. 1—A Winter Visitor—Tree Sparrow.
Enigma No. 2—New Year. What is My Name? Hairy Woodpecker.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

The Home of a Kingfisher.

I was walking along the bank of a small creek when I heard a splash, then a Kingfisher chatter, and I saw him alight on a small dead tree with a minnow in his beak. He then flew up the creek: he was flying on the right side when all of a sudden he turned to the left and flew right at the bank and went in a hole.

I watched and very soon saw his tail feathers coming out first; he seemed to back out.

He then whirled around and flew down the creek. I went and dug in the hole, which was about six inches deep, and found the bluish-grey birds with their pin feathers on.

The little birds would cling to my fingers. I took them out of their nest and found they were six in number. The old bird sat on a small dead limb and scolded. I put the birds back in the nest and left them in peace. I went back in about two weeks and they were gone.

Bonner Coffey,
Bandera, Texas.

The Old Man's Song.

Once long ago, an old man, bent and gray,
  Had lived for years within the forest lone;
When youth was his he journeyed far away,
  From home, and called the solitude his own.
He used to wait the long cold winter through,
  Nor sulked at fierce blasts or snow or rain;
The gloom would go, the fair days come, he knew,
  And then he'd sing when the spring birds came again:
"I knew you'd come, you'd come to me,
  You'd come to let your music ring,
So sweet, so charming and so free—
  I knew once more I'd hear you sing:
And I was so lonely waiting here,
  But waited not in vain

For all the land must have your cheer—
  I knew you'd come again."
We parted many months ago,
  And I felt lonely all that day,
For autumn winds did fiercely blow,
  And all the sky was dim and gray.
But then I thought 'twas wrong to sigh,
  And strove to bear my pain,
For when the stormy days went by,
  I knew you'd come again.
'Tis well I have such friends so true—
  You're sure to come in balmy spring:
You're sure to speed the wild wood through
  And find this welcome place to sing.
I could not bide without you here,
  Without your glad refrain
That fails me not through half the year,
  I knew you'd come again.
So let us make the echoes ring.
  I'll join with joy the blithesome song;
Through all the day let's sing and sing
  Till evening's shadows sweep along.
I've smiled to bid the cold 'good bye,'
  The snow and winter rain:
For spring has come with tender sky,
  And you are here again!

BENJ. PHILLIPS,
Leiad Valley, California.

A WINTER VISITOR.

I come from the far *thorn,* and swing among the *nipe* trees, making a pretty bit of coloring against the *genre* boughs or white drifts of *wons.* I am about the size of the despised English *rawspor,* and have a peculiar *bake,* crossed at the*pit.* My *cato* is of a *ckirb* red color with *wormb* wings and tail. My wife wears a dress of greenish *leywol* with brownish stint. We feed upon the *dees* within the *nipe cones,* upon rothe seeds, *risereb,* and the buds of *seert.* When the cold *twiner* drives us from the north to *hares* your hospitality, you will find that we very *bacolise,* friendly little *dibrs.* My name is *meanrica rollcissb.*

Queries.

1. Why do Woodpeckers creep *head upward* around the tree trunks and branches?

2. Why is a Woodpecker's bill so long and strong?

3. What color is always found on the heads of each of our five common Woodpeckers? (The male birds.)

4. Upon what does the Woodpecker feed?

5. Where is the nest of the Woodpecker placed?

6. What serves the Woodpecker as a love-song?

7. To what family does the Woodpecker belong?

Numerical Enigma.

1-2-3-10 a tree.

1-11-6-4- to remove the skin of a fruit.

5-6-11-8-1 to hold tightly.

9-10-11-12 part of a bird.

9-10-4-6 a beverage.

3-10-11-6 not far.

5-6-11-8-8 is on John's lawn.

9-4-11-3 grown in John's garden.

8-2-3 iniquity.

8-2-3-5 what our birds do.

6-2-3-5 a circle.

9-11-12-10 a form of cooking.

5-2-9-10 to sneer.

4-11-6 part of a birds head.

9-4-11-6 to carry.

8-7-9 to cry.

1-2-5 an animal.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12 a bird.

Ere long, amid the cold and powdery snow, as it were a friut of the season, will come twittering a flock of delicate crimson-tinged birds, lesser redpolls, to sport and feed on the buds just ripe for them on the sunny side of a wood, shaking down the powdery snow there in their cheerful feeding, as if it were high midsummer to them.

Thoreau.

Learn to Mount Birds, animals fishes, etc. Sportsmen, naturalists, teachers, and all outdoor lovers, should know how to properly preserve and mount Birds and animals. Rare and beautiful specimens are being taken every day, and they should be preserved.

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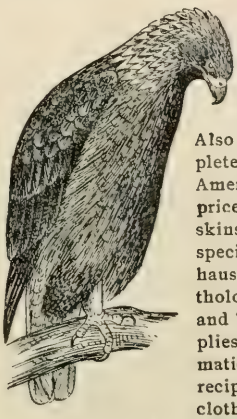

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MARCH FIRST:—Only a month more and the great bird migratory wave will be fairly under way, and we shall envy our neighbor who, perhaps, has more time to be outdoors than we, but we will each accomplish as much as we can in the time that we have at our disposal. Do not forget your note book and pencil, and, above all, your field glasses. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is an old adage;—A bird seen through the glass is worth three seen through the eyes,—is a better maxim for the present day, and is the literal truth, for a bird will appear three or more times as long as seen with the eyes. Make your notes and identify your birds on the spot. Do not trust to memory, a bird's colors will often undergo remarkable changes in our mind, before you reach home.

The White-winged Crossbill must be a better known bird than we had supposed, for with few exceptions all the colored supplements returned were very natural. The winners were:

Ist. Albert Paine, Union School, Johnsbury, Vt.

2nd. George F. Granger, Cobbet School, Lynn, Mass.

3rd. Elizabeth A. Paul, Kimball School, North Andover, Mass.

We had pictures sent in from all the states but five, and curiously these were all Golf states where the Crossbill is unknown.

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG LOGGERHEADS.

A LAST YEAR'S NEST

A last year's nest
In a swaying crest
Of an elm now leafless and bare,
Where two birdies sang,
Where melodies rang,
With three little nestlings, their care,
With three little baby birds there.

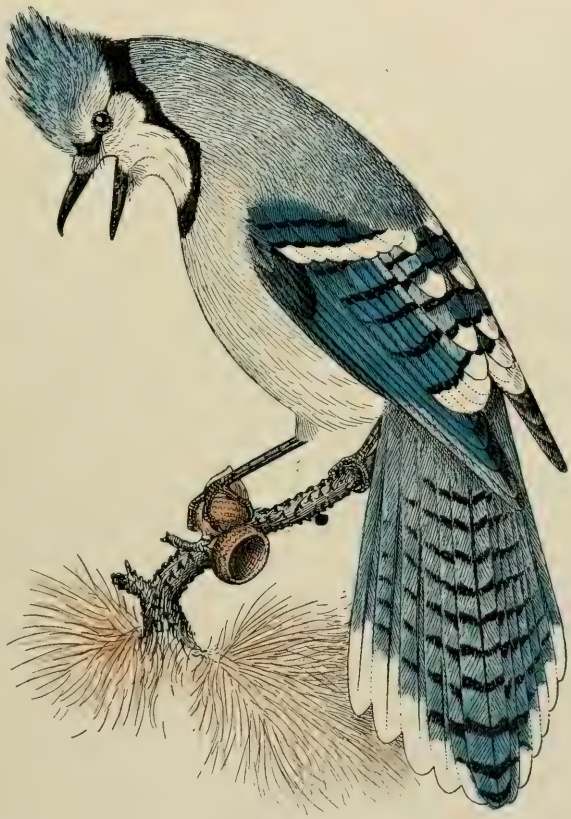
That useless nest
That swings in the crest
Of the elm tree, leafless and bare,
No more will be home
For birdies that roam;
In springtime the gay little pair
Will fashion a new nest up there.

FRANK MONROE BEVERLY.

Photo by Jno. M. Schreck.

NEST AND EGGS OF SHRIKE.

(Winner of 1st Prize in 1905 Competition.)



BLUE JAY.

FROM A BIRD DIARY.

By Harriet L. Grove.

Jan. 30, 1902.

Such an event this afternoon! I was sitting at the sewing machine, when thump! loud against the window came something heavy, making me jump out of my chair, startled and alert.

A great bird, like a chicken, at first glance, flew away, as startled as I. Perhaps he was deceived by the reflection of trees and sky, which I afterwards noticed in the glass; perhaps in the act of catching a sparrow, for he was a hawk.

Of course, I could not at once find overshoes, and must get my glasses, but I thought I should find him somewhere, for a loud cackling from the chicken pen indicated that something had been going on.

School was just out; I asked some boys if they had seen a large bird fly. They turned to look, as I did, and there was the bird in an apple tree next door. Startled again at our attentions, he flew back toward his starting point, and I returned, going around to the chicken yard. No signs of life; the chickens, at first cackling and greatly disturbed, had gone within their house, out of danger, though the wire roof would have protected them.

Rounding the corner of the house, I frightened the bird from a porch, where he had settled himself to devour his prey; and, as he flew, I saw the remains of a sparrow dangling from his hooked bill.

To the front again, and after various circlings of bird and bird-hunter, the glass was at last on him where he clung to a vine, with outspread wings and showed his fierce, curved bill, bright eyes and yellow legs. Flying again, he settled upon a tree near by. There I viewed him more satisfactorily, and after running in for pencil and note book, drew a rough sketch of his back. Inclined to consider the bird a Sharp-shinned Hawk, I have not yet quite satisfied myself as to the species.

The hawk was whitish, streaked with brown beneath. The head was dark, almost solid brown on top, growing lighter and streaked on neck and upper breast. His back and wings were brown, white spots quite regularly placed on the wings. The tail was brown, just tipped with white and banded with three distinct chocolate-brown bands.

A la Ernest Thompson Seton, I afterwards read a little history in the snow around the chicken yard, where the hawk had doubtless, been watching for the Sparrows which fly in and out of the wires after food. There were many tracks, both in the open and where he had hidden, lying in wait for the unwary.

February 10, 1902.

February opened with a snowy, fairy morning, each limb and twig covered with frost. There had been delightful sleighing. This morning I looked from an upper window down upon a plump, pretty creature in the grape vines. These, the Red-birds have been haunting all winter, after the dried grapes, many of which we left upon the upper vines. One or two birds have roosted there at night, fluttering out, if we opened the door, or pumped water from the well close by.

Surely, never before have I noticed what a beautiful combination of colors is made of red and gray. The bird's back, head and shoulders were a lovely, soft, green-gray, through which peeped a tiny red top-knot. Wings and tail were streaked with gray, the red as if showing through, with a pink-red effect. A little later, I watched a bright red male eating snow from the top of a lattice.

Having read accounts of the male Red-bird's change of hue in the winter, I was for a long time puzzled. But we see the bright cardinals in the midst of our Ohio winters. The gray-streaked birds are without doubt the females, one of which I both heard and saw sing, the throat quivering with the utterance of "Wh't chee-eer? tlk! tlk!"

March 6, 1902.

The day has been beautiful, with sunshine and a blue sky. Cardinals have been almost constantly singing. At dusk I heard the Robin's cheery call, as if summer were here. In the afternoon we drove along the river; great blocks of ice lay upon the river bank like piles of stone slabs. The river was pretty, reflecting the blue.

First, we heard a Song Sparrow; then a Meadow Lark sang and a Crow called. Next, a little flock of Juncos flew into an orchard, and across the way, a beautiful Blue-bird sang, swinging on an apple twig. About a wood pile and brush heaps flew some little chickadees; a little farther on a flock of from twenty to thirty Crows were holding some sort of a meeting in a tree top. It was, possibly, a political convention or election, and, judging by the noise and excitement, a close contest.

From an apple tree called a Robin, jerking his tail up or down every time he said "Quirk! quirk! quirk! quirk!" Blue-bird, Crow,, Junco, Robin, Tree-Sparrow, Cardinal, Nuthatch, Meadow Lark, Chickadee, Song Sparrow, Tufted Titmouse and Downy Woodpecker, a round dozen, made our list for this date.

March 20, 1902.

How many Blue-birds everywhere! Today they are in pairs, and what lovely mates! It seems to me that there is nothing daintier, more exquisite

than the Blue-bird. He is to the bird world what the anemone and bloodroot are among early flowers. Meadow Larks kindly turned their warm yellow and black breasts to us. Little March lambs frisked in field and barnyard. One tiny black-legged lambkin leaped high off his four feet in his gambols, from the pure joy of living. I wonder if it compensates for the inevitable end. The innocence of the young animal world would incline every Nature lover to turn vegetarian.

April 12, 1902.

A ride in the chill wind. Back into the big wood I went, cold, shivering, feeling that I should see nothing. For a little while it seemed that my fears were to be realized, when, suddenly, the wood awoke. The sun came out. The wood was full of Robins. Every limb seemed to bear one. Then, as if by magic, a great flock of Juncos appeared—one by one, two by two, by threes and half dozens, flying northward through the stately wood, and singing their little song on one note. A Kinglet, a White-breasted Nuthatch,

Photo by Jno. M. Schreck.

SHRIKE ON NEST.

Flickers, Sapsuckers, a Towhee Bunting, which sang from a brush heap; a Carolina Wren and a big Hawk were all within a small radius. Twenty-eight varieties made the list for April 12th.

May 19th.

Here am I behind in bird notes, but I've been "seein' things," if not writing about them. Lovely, entrancing May! Events of the bird world have crowded so fast that the diary is at loss to record them all, with the beauty of the fresh spring world, its blossoms, carols and sunshine.

There have been early trips to orchard, wood, meadow, riverside and lake, where we caught under our glasses the latest Warbler or followed the Thrushes through bushy retreats. Rides and tramps and enthusiasm and knowledge have marked the month.

On the eighth, having been invited to join a party of teachers, I arose at four o'clock, took a hasty lunch and, notified by telephone, sallied forth about five o'clock to meet some of the party at the corner. Our destination was about a mile away. Skirts pinned up, our feet protected by rubbers, we crossed the fields back of the house which was our trysting place. One of the company wore rubber boots; another having forgotten her overshoes, had a borrowed pair tied on.

Along lover's lane we trudged, a quiet but jolly party, armed with field and opera glasses, note books and pencils. Many were the birds we saw in the few hours before school time. Warblers, the Canadian, Chestnut-sided, Black-throated Blue, Yellow-breasted Chat, and Red-start; Thrushes, Vireos,—a whole company of "early birds" to reward us.

One funny occurrence was the unconscious lining up of the entire company as one of our number stole ahead to locate a Water Thrush which she had previously seen about a certain spot. At her warning signal and wave of hand, the first one stopped, and each of the rest stole up softly on the line with her until the entire number stood in line of battle with leveled glasses. No wonder the little bird never showed himself. A large party is good for protective purposes but one or two will see more when the shyer birds are the objects of search.

It is such a pity that one has other business in life besides bird hunting in the beautiful Maytime, when the birds pass through in migration that will not come again for a twelvemonth.

Perhaps some other amateur will be interested in looking over a list of birds dating up to May twenty-third, when illness put an end to temporary bird-hunting.

1. Tufted Titmouse. (Jan.)
2. Cardinal Grosbeak.
3. Hawk, Sharp-shinned?
4. Carolina Wren.
5. Downy Woodpecker.
6. White-breasted Nuthatch.
7. Blue Jay.
8. Song Sparrow.
9. Robin. (Feb. 27th).
10. Sparrow Hawk.
11. Junco.
12. Crow.
13. Blue-birds.
14. Meadow Lark.
15. Tree Sparrow.
16. Chickadee.
17. Turtle Dove.
18. Bronzed Grackle.
19. Buzzard.
20. Red-winged Blackbird.
21. Hairy Woodpecker.
22. Killdeer Plover.
23. Horned Lark, (Prairie).
24. Flicker.
25. Quail.
26. Golden-crowned Kinglet.
27. Field Sparrow.
28. Little Green Heron.
29. White-crowned Sparrow.
30. Towhee.
31. Kingfisher.
32. Goldfinch.
33. Red-headed Woodpecker. (Mar. 21).
34. Phoebe.
35. Shrike.
36. Marsh Hawk.
37. Vesper Sparrow.
38. Wild Geese.
39. Lesser Scaup Duck.
40. Chipping Sparrow.
41. Brown Creeper.
42. Yellow-bellied Sap-sucker.
43. Barn Swallow.
44. Hermit Thrush.
45. Fox Sparrow.
46. Cowbird.
47. Purple Martin.
48. Brown Thrasher.
49. White-throated Sparrow. (Apr. 20).
50. Chimney Swift.
51. Ruby-crowned Kinglet.
52. Catbird.
53. Baltimore Oriole.
54. Summer Yellowbird.
55. Warbling Vireo. (Apr. 24).
56. Myrtle Warbler. (Apr. 24).
57. Yellow Palm Warbler. (Apr. 24).
58. Amer. Scaup Duck. (Apr. 24).
59. Wood Peewee. (Apr. 24).
60. Blue-gray Gnat-catcher. (Apr. 24).
61. Magnolia Warbler. (Apr. 24.)
62. Spotted Sandpiper.
63. Black and White Creeping Warblers.
64. Tree Swallows.
65. Kingbird.. (Apr. 27).
66. Grasshopper Sparrow.
67. House Wren.
68. Nighthawk.
69. Great-crested Flycatcher. April 29).
70. Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
71. Wood Thrush.
72. Great Blue Heron.
73. White-eyed Vireo.
74. Redstarts. (Apr. 30).
75. Coot.
76. Scarlet Tanager.

77. Oven-bird.
78. Olive-backed Thrush.
79. Indigo Bunting.
80. Bachman's Warbler.
81. Lark Finch.
82. Blue-winged Yellow Warbler.
83. Ruby-throated Humming-bird.
84. Yellow-billed Cuckoo.
85. Black-throated Blue Warbler.
86. Least Flycatcher.
87. Nashville Warbler.
88. Little Blue Heron.
89. Bay-breasted Warbler.
90. Canadian Warbler.
91. Blackburnian Warbler.
92. Chestnut-sided Warbler.
93. Sora Rail.
94. Black-poll Warbler.
95. Red-eyed Vireo.
96. Bobolink. (May 8).
97. Yellow-breasted Chat.
98. Black-throated Green Warbler.
99. Bank Swallow.
100. Parula Warbler.
101. Prothonotary Warbler.
102. Maryland Yellow-heart
102. Maryland Yellow-throat.
103. Worm-eating Warbler. (May 5.)
104. Hooded Merganser.
105. Water Thrush, Water Wagtail.
106. Wilson's Thrush or Veery.
107. Black-billed Cuckoo.
108. Cedar Waxwings.
109. Orchard Oriole.
110. Dickcessel.
111. Green-crested Flycatcher.
112. Yellow-throated Vireo.

Several unidentified birds.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH THE CHICKADEES.

S. Louise Draper.

The Chickadee is a happy, cheerful bird, coming late in the fall about our homes to remind us that we are to have bird friends through the long winter months.

Last year the Chickadees came in November and ate the suet that I tied on a limb of a small Catalpa tree that stood near our kitchen window. I had read about the Chickadee becoming so tame that it would come on one's hand, but did not think that I could tame them.

They had been coming most every day for about a month after suet and, doubtless, had become used to me, because one day I was standing under a plum tree back of the house when a Chickadee came and began to eat meat off the bone I had in my hand. I was very much surprised and pleased to have them so tame. Jan. 11th, 1905, was the first time they came on my hand. Feb. 5th, 1905, I commenced to offer them butternut meats. I did not have to urge them to come after they had the first taste. I think they like butternut meats better han anything you can give them.

Photo by Isaac E. Hess.

LOGGERHEAD SHRIKE AND NEST.

(Winner of 3rd Prize in 1905 Competition).

They came nearly every day last winter and sometimes six times a day to eat meats from my hand. When it was 15 and 20 degrees below zero they were very hungry birds. There were just two that were tame at first and we named them Punch and Judy. The smaller one we called Judy. One day I went out to feed them their meats and while Judy stood on my finger, I smiled and showed my teeth. Judy thought my teeth were butternut meats so flew up and tried to pick them out. Sometimes they would fly on my head and shoulders and take meats from my mouth. One rainy day one of the Chickadees was sitting on the limb of the tree and I went out and smoothed its back, it did not fly away.

When spring came the Chickadees went to the woods to nest. I saw no more of them until the 2nd of this month (December), when four came to the little tree and made their wants known. I have a supply of butternuts ready and feed them every day. I think two of them are Punch and Judy because they were just as tame as when they left me in the spring, while the other two are a little timid yet.

I tied a half of a yeast cake box on the tree and filled it with sunflower seeds. They eat them but prefer butternut meats. People driving by will see the Chickadee on my hand and exclaim: "Oh! see that bird on her hand." I have had them sing while on my hand. Any one can have the same experience with these pleasant little creatures if they would only take interest in them and help to bring them through the cold winter. I am glad to welcome my cheerful friends again and will try to act as a good hostess should to them.

WINTER BIRDS.

LESLIE L. HASKIN.

The winter birds—with a good cause—have become so shy of man that it seems a wonderful thing when you find one which allows itself to be viewed at close range, and still more so when it permits itself to be touched or handled. There are, however, a few birds which seem to retain their primeval fearlessness, though their manners in allowing man's approach are as different as their several modes of life. A few entries from my last year's book serve well to illustrate the characteristics of these birds.

October 28: While watching a flock of Goldfinches feeding among the weeds of an old corn field, a Northern Shrike pounced down and carried one of them off. I followed him to a clump of alders, where he hung his victim by the neck, in a crotch—and drove him away. After examining the body I replaced it and stepped back about three feet, almost immediately the Shrike returned and seized it, so close was I that every feather was distinct and the wavy lines on its breast, which are lost at a short distance, showed up beautifully.

The Shrike seems to be one of the bravest of birds, for at such times he appears to have a perfect knowledge of the danger he is in and a dogged determination to carry out his purpose at all costs.

November 26: Today I found another flock of Pine Grosbeaks in a stubble field—about thirty—ranging in color from the betautiful olive tints of the females, through the different shades of pink, up to the almost clear red of the old males. I followed them for nearly an hour, during which time they seemed entirely unafraid, allowing me to come within a few feet of

them and only shifting their position when I walked directly at them, and then simply enough to clear a way through the flock. They seemed to have no fear whatever, finally allowing me to stroke their backs, raise their wings, and tap their beaks with a short stick. One can imagine where their homes must be—far up among the pines of Canada—where there are no plume hunters or egg snatchers. To them I was simply a larger animal, and not a carniverous one at that. Let us hope that they all return safely next spring and do not adorn some ladies (?) hat.

January 3: The birds come very often to their "table" these cold days, especially the Blue Jays, Nuthatches, and Chickadees. Although all of them are quite familiar, it is the Chickadees who are my best friends. It seems as though they could appreciate every advance and were willing to meet more than half way. Wishing to test the extent of their confidences I held out a piece of meat in my hand. At once one was there to get it. This I continued for a short time and by the help of bits of meat I soon had them lighting on my shoulders and head, and finally clinging to my lips to obtain a choice morsel held there. Their friendliness is the hardest of all to explain. They are not like the Northern Shrike, neither are they ignorant like the Pine Grosbeak; one almost thinks that they were made too small to hold suspicion, and after all their confidence is their best protection, for no one who knows them would think of shooting them.

Prairie du Sac.

HOMEWARD BOUND

By Edgar Boyer.

Last spring I resided in a little town that chanced to be directly in the course of the wild geese. Flock after flock passed over us, all going northwestward. And it was remarkable how each flock passed in almost the exact path of the preceding one. Once in a while a flock varied a few yards to the right or left of the common course. They seemed to follow their aerial roadway with just as much regularity and precision as we follow our own roads or streets. At intervals all during the day for three days flocks of from ten to fifty passed over, and throughout the night the noisy cries of passing birds awakened us. They were of a uniform color, except an occasional one, which, from our point of view, was apparently black, or heavily splashed with black on the under parts and wings. They were very noisy, and for a while after they had all gone, the quiet that prevailed was very noticeable. Stragglers continued to pass for several days, and after they were all gone I frequently saw and heard a lone goose as he wandered aimlessly about over

Photo by A. D. Wheedon.

YOUNG SHRIKES IN NEST.

the river. Probably he had ben injured, although if such was the case he did not show it in his flight. Sometimes, when a goose is injured it will leave the flock and travel alone.

I shall not soon forget that first day the geese began to appear. It was a dreary, drizzly day, towards the end of March. Hearing excited voices, I went out to ascertain the cause and found a group of villagers all gazing towards the southeast. I looked too, and made out, coming directly towards us, a long V-shaped flock of geese. But even before I saw them, I heard their loud, noisy "Ca-lac, ca-lac, ca-lac."

On they came, nearer and nearer, seemingly oblivious of our presence, passing over a hundred yards above us.

Suddenly, four shots rang out in rapid succession, sharp, incisive, on the damp air. Picture the snowy birds, in sharp relief against the leaden sky, suddenly transformed from a perfect "V," into a confused jumble of moving, flapping black and white. Only for a moment that was, however, then, like soldiers tried and true, they rallied once again, and,

"Ranged in figure, wedged the way,"

on to the northwestward, out of sight and hearing. "Homeward bound."

As I muttered the words and realized their significance, a feeling of pity possessed me for the unfortunate comrade left behind.

When the shots were heard, and the flock suddenly became confusion, a bird was seen to drop behind and below the rest. Desperately he beat the air in a vain attempt to regain the lost ground. Fate had willed otherwise, and fate is inexorable. Down, down, he came, spirally, wildly beating the air with one wing, the other was useless.

Eventually, he landed in a garden, exhausted. The lucky gunner secured him, and, only too prone to exhibit the result of his skill, held out for our inspection, by its flesh colored feet in one hand, its rusty breast resting on the palm of the other, as handsome a specimen of Chen hyperborea as I ever saw. Passively, the bird rested on his hand, its slender, rusty-white neck thrust forward, its head held low, its liquid black eyes appealing mutely. One wing hung limp its full length, showing to advantage, the black primaries, in deep contrast to the rest of the plumage. On the injured wing appeared a crimson stain that grew larger and larger.

A motley group had gathered around, as groups will, in a small village, when anything out of the ordinary occurs.

"That's a regler ol' Texas Goose; I seen lots of 'em in Texas," said a voice.

"Aw, that Goose never saw Texas; its a California Goose," said another.

"Yes, a California Goose," wisely reiterated a third, and the bird's identity thus being established to the apparent satisfaction of all, they dispersed, and the incident was forgotten.

A MARCH DAY IN NEBRASKA

March 16th was warm and summer-like and the birds showed their appreciation of the fine weather. We were awakened in the morning by the songs of the Robins and Bluebirds, and soon a flock of Blackbirds flew over, filling the air with their melody. The Grackles are not much as soloists but are very strong when singing in chorus. In the afternoon I took a walk. Passing along an orchard bordered by a hedge, I heard the whistle of Harris Sparrows. These birds are very numerous in spring, but do not condescend to spend either winter or summer with us. The Tree Sparrows, our most common winter birds, are singing their low, sweet song.

Reaching a strip of timber bordering a stream, a different lot of birds make thmeselves seen and heard. Chickadees are most numerous, thir calls resounding from every direction. The clear whistle of the Cardinal comes to my ear, and, from deeper in the woods, the ringing "pe-to" of the Tufted Titmouse. The drumming of Woodpeckers is heard from everywhere. The always present Downy and Flickers show themselves, and I think I hear the calls of several other kinds but I cannot find them. But what is that tiny bird running along the branches in the tree tops?—evidently a Nuthatch, and, presumalby, from its small size, the brown-headed variety, but it is too high to see distinctly.

It is time to return and I choose a different route. By the railroad are some large ponds. Here the air resounds with the call of the Killdeer Plover and a single Mallard is swimming on the surface of the water. If I were armed with a shotgun I might easily take home a trophy, but I do my hunting with an opera glass. Crossing a strip of prairie, I hear the Meadowlarks singing their spring songs. These beautiful birds stay with us all winter but are usually silent until warm weather inspires them to pour forth their melody.

E. D. Howe, Table Rock, Neb.

A BIRD OF CHANGED HABITS.

By Frank H. Sweet.

The Wood Pewee is a small brown bird, about six inches in length, with no claim to beauty either in form or color, and is no songster. It is less in size than the common Pewee or Phoebe bird, and has a long, drawling note, very unlike the quick, sharp note of the Phoebe.

It is one of the fly-catchers, and has the habit of selecting some post where it can have a good outlook for its prey. Here it sits, with wings and tail drooping, ready to dash after a passing insect, which it seldom misses.

Then it returns to the same place to renew its watchfulness and dart again upon its prey.

It is only a few years since this little bird left the deep, dark woods and came to make its home about our dwellings. In the woods it was shy and retiring—now it is one of our most fearless and familiar feathered friends. It would be interesting to know how it came to change its habits, and who were the first pioneers; but we cannot tell. We simply know that all at once the Pewees were with us.

They no doubt learned from first comers that they would be safer near our dwellings. And we are glad to welcome the modest little creatures, even if they have no claim to beauty and are no musicians. But they have another accomplishment—they are skilled ornamental architects. They build a charming little nest, and ornament the outside with pretty colored lichens.

One summer a pair of Wood Pewees built their nest on a small horizontal limb of an oak tree, not more than three feet from a second-story window and just on a level with the head of the occupant of the room, as he sat and watched them. They eyed him pretty sharply at first; but as there was a screen of green wire netting in the window and he was very quiet, they soon went on with their work, with him as witness.

Both birds worked at the nest, but the female was the chief director. They laid the foundation on a small limb, letting it just over either side. The foundation consisted almost entirely of lichens, and they manufactured a kind of glue to hold them together. The glue or cement hardens, and does not dissolve in water. They next used small bits of sticks and fine roots, and a quantity of horsehair, which they wove in with much patience and skill. Unlike the little Chipping Sparrow, which fashions the interior of its nest exclusively of hair, they used other material among the hair. Sometimes a tiny feather or bit of moss or other soft substance would be glued fast to the hair.

But their great achievement was in the decoration of the outside of their domicile, which was entirely covered with lichens, no single piece more than half an inch across. On damp mornings and in rainy weather the lichens expanded, showing their delicate colors and making the finest architectural display of all the feathered builders. The neat little nest was about three inches across, half as deep, and perfectly round. While the architects were at work, they kept up a low, murmuring noise. Whether the sound was in some way connected with the manufacture of the glue which they ejected from their mouths, or whether it was a kind of bird language, the watcher could not determine.

Now, other actors appeared on the scene. A Red-eyed Vireo hung its hammock-like nest on a tree near by. It was on a limb reaching out toward

the Pewee's nest, thus bringing the two domiciles within a few feet of each other. The Vireo is a trim little bird, of a soft olive-green color, a trifle larger than the Pewee, and a loud songster. It has a very inquisitive disposition, and seems anxious to know what its neighbors are doing. So this pair of Vireos took much interest in the Pewees' affairs and often inspected their work while they were absent. Sometimes one and sometimes both Vireos would be peering at the Pewee's nest, and more than once they were punished by the fierce little proprietors when caught at it.

The Vireos also built a model nest. They used long strips of the inner bark which had been left on grape posts when the outside bark had been pulled off. These strips were ingeniously woven together, and the nest was made fast to a forked twig with twine which they made out of the fibrous stems of plants.

The lining was composed of fine, fibrous material and soft grass. It is a deep, compact structure, calculated to withstand heavy storms of wind and rain. The watcher obtained both of these nests after the young had left them.

The Pewees had so recently come from the deep shady woods that they had not yet learned to adapt themselves to their new surroundings. They seemed to think the main thing was to select a horizontal limb suited for the foundation of the nest, regardless of shade; and, as they worked only mornings and evenings, they did not realize, until it was too late, that they were building where the sun would strike the nest in the very hottest part of the day.

The young Pewees were hatched in July and about three o'clock every afternoon the sun reached a point where it threw its burning rays directly upon the nest, and the parent birds saw that their naked, helpless little ones could not endure the terrible heat, and it was too smothering hot to brood them, so the devoted mother made a screen of herself by sitting on the edge of the nest toward the sun, and spreading her wings so as to shade her little ones. There she would sit each day for more than an hour, panting and patiently waiting for the sun to pass, when the foliage would again throw its grateful shade over the nest and relieve her from her hot, tiresome task.

NATURE'S EARLY GUESTS

By Agnes L. Scott, Mass.

When winter has shaken off her apathy, and spring is ushered in with the tenderer signs that makes earth and heaven meet the tide of new life, we are conscious that Nature begins to hurry her budding promises for the coming of the singing birds from far countries, as they come to renew old romances, and to communicate to human souls their loveliness of songs.

We greet the month of April, for her bounty of hopefulness and resources invites us to come forth and enjoy the resurrection in Nature. The unfolding buds of the trees, the rising flowers, and the atmosphere surcharged with the music, from the many hosts in the pathways of the sky, and the glint of the bright plumage is like heaven's kaleidescope. Those who live in the country, and are aware of the delights attending a ramble in the orchard and near the woods, watching the feathered guests, as they come to dwell in the trees, gardens, and orchard, are favored with the gift of deriving pleasure from the blessings of Nature. To one who is accustomed to the minute observation of Nature's Works, there are sources of happiness open to him, for to a certain extent, the air of heaven, the earth, the flowers, the trees, the birds, the insects, and the landscape are common property, and he can feast his eyes on these beauties without cost. These free bounties bring renewed hopes and makes life broader and fuller.

Let the dwellers in the city pay a short visit to Nature in the country and see the sublimity in the budding trees, the spectacles of flowers, and hear the birds chanting in full chorus. To acquire the habit, and educating the power of observation of enjoying the visible beauties around them, will lift

Photo by R. H. Beebe.
YOUNG SHRIKE.

them out of the soul suffocating atmosphere of artificial recreation, and inspire them with a sense of freedom known only to those who live in communion with Mother Earth.

Before the flowers are yet conspicuous, we are greeted with the fervent songs of the Bluebirds, for he never fails to make known his presence. He is one of the earliest guests in the spring, and when he arrives he perches upon some leafless tree or barn, and delivers his melodies with fervor. His plumage with the bits of heavenly blue makes him interesting and attractive. The male bird is endowed with a royal coat of blue, his breast of cinnamon-brown and white marks him a conspicuous bird, and his mate who is a modest-looking little quaker in her sober colors, but in her flight is seen the flashing blue in her spreading wings.

On their arrival they may be seen diligently hunting among the apple trees and inspecting the holes. A pair of undemonstrative Bluebirds discovered a desirable cavity in an old apple tree in the orchard, and they began the task of home-making. So happy were the lovers, that they sang in ecstacy, and constantly flitted about for materials to build the nest. As architects, they are without artistic taste, but are very practical in making their home compact and comfortable with bits of dried straw and grass. The house-wife sat brooding over her nestful of pale greenish-blue eggs, her mate fed her, giving vent to his happiness by his sweetest songs. There is no resemblance of the little ones to their parents, for they are almost black, but before their flight they are donned with the bits of blue.

The parent birds so jealously guarded the little family, that they looked upon me as an intruder whenever I made the attempt to see the little ones. One day thinking the parent birds were on their hunt for insects for the family, I climbed the step-ladder to look into the house-hold, when suddenly the mother bird flew into my face and demonstrated her wrathfulness in loud tones. Their domestic life was short, for there came a real tragedy in their lives. When the little birds were only four days old, a cat thief discovered the nest and stole the wee ones, leaving a desolate home. It was a sad day for me, as well as the birds, but I turned to the Robins for comfort, and found recompense, for in their excess of happiness, I saw much of importance.

Very few are aware that there is novelty and enthusiasm in making the acquaintance with the Robin. He enjoys but little celebrity, though he is universally admired, but many have not given him justice. As a songster, the Robin is assigned to a high rank. His lively notes are heard at the earliest flush of dawn, in the busy hour of noon, and in the stillness of the evening.

As a musician, his delightful anthem is never tiresome. Mr. Parkhurst in his "Bird Calendar," says he knows of "no bird that is able to give so many shades of meaning to a single note, running through the entire gamut of its

feelings. From the soft and mellow quality, almost as coaxing as a dove's note, with which it encourages its young when just out of nest, the tone, with minute gradations, becomes more vehement, and then harsh with quickened reiteration, until it expresses the greatest intensity of a bird's emotion. Love, contentment, anxiety, exultation, rage—what other birds can throw such multifarious meaning into its tone? And herein, the Robin seems more nearly human than any of its kind."

There is not an orchard in New England that is not enlivened by the Robins. They always come with an atmosphere of good-will about them. It is amidst the bare trees, upon the lawn, into the garden and fields, that they carol their simple strains, and impart brightness like sunshine to the surroundings. The Robin has many virtues, and his usefulness is indispensable to mankind, for they devour the noxious insects and grub-worms.

It is worth the while to watch them searching for ground-worms on ploughed ground, in the gardens and on the lawn. Suddenly you will see them stop, cock their heads from side to side close to the soil, listening for the peculiar sound that issues from the worms, and with a swiftness they pounce their bills into the soil and jerk the worms out. They swallow their prey with a keen relish, for their satisfaction seems to be expressed in the jerking of their tails and beating of wings.

It was their greediness that caused me to wonder at their appetite, for the quantity of worms they devoured was amazingly large. One early morning after a rain, the surface of the soil in the yard was thickly dotted over with queer little thimble-like mounds, composed of soft beads of earth which the army of angle-worms had deposited at the opening of their holes. The rain had brought the worms out in uncounted numbers, and this harvest was appreciated by the Robins and the Bluebirds, for their crops were crammed almost to bursting with the worms.

The Robin has sprightly manners, is domestic in his habits, but as a builder he lacks taste and judgment. His nest is such a clumsy affair and so carelessly constructed, that it is not creditable to his skill as a builder. Dry grass, weed-stalks and mud, and occasionally a few feathers are the materials, but alas, so poorly secured in the crotches of the apple trees, that often a rain storm brings the nests to the ground. They are so social, cheerful, and contented, that they are nice to have as neighbors near the house.

The mornings invite us to go out in the orchard and revel in the pleasures of seeing and hearing the early birds, for to love the feathered inhabitants is to realize the keen enjoyment of life and liberty. To see and to feel the grandeur and harmony of Nature's works, is to experience a wealth of happiness and luxury.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

Hans has just reminded me that I promised to tell you about his pet of two summers ago. What was it? You may have three guesses. A Crow? No. A Grosbeak? Oh, no. A Cedar bird? Wrong again. His pet was a blackish grizzled back, a chestnut-colored breast; its head was broad and flat, and its body thick, with large, fat and short legs, and it was nearly a foot and a half in length. You have never seen such a bird! Well, neither have I, nor indeed, has our little friend Hans, either, for Woochu, as Hans called him, was not a bird, but a Woodchuck, which burrowed a long tunnel by the side of the barn. Hans had no brothers or sisters, and few playmates, so he made friends of all sorts of wild things. One day he discovered Mr. Woodchuck's front doorway in the barn shed, and in less than a fortnight had won the confidence of Woochu, and brought him daily rations of cabbage leaves, lettuce, and other dainties from the garden.

By the end of the summer Hans and Woochu had become firm friends. Hans would go to the shed and make a curious whistling sound, soon two bright eyes would peep cautiously from the dark doorway of the underground home, then the dumpy, furry body and bushy tail would be seen and the woodchuck would eat like a dog from the hands of the little boy. Hans gave Woochu many a solemn charge not to enter the garden, and Woochu never did, perhaps because his wants were so well supplied without his having to forage for himself.

When cold weather came, Woochu took a long nap in one of his snug underground rooms, and many times through the winter Hans would ask his mother, "Do you think Woochu will come again next summer?" Mother would shake her head. But for once mother was wrong, for before the note of the first Robin was heard, Woochu appeared in the field and ere long came to be fed as of yore.

But one morning when Hans went to the barn he saw a large bird hovering overhead. It was of a buffy white color beneath, streaked with brown, and as it wheeled in the air above him, he could see its dark brown back striped with white and grey with a rust-red tail.

Sir Red-tail was one of those birds with whom he had not made friends. He hastened to see that his brood of young bantams were in a safe place, and then gave his familiar call to Woochu to come to breakfast. But no amount of whistling brought Woochu to his former haunts.

After a week had passed and there were no signs of his furry friend, Hans felt sure that the Hawk had laid violent hands—or claws upon his pet. He afterwards learned that old Mr. Turner's dog Jack was the culprit.

Although Hans has had many pets since the disappearance of Woochu, he often goes to the shed at the rear of the barn and gives the old whistle, but not a woodchuck comes in response to his call.

We shall be glad to print more letters like that of Clarence Abbott's, giving accounts of birds you see in your walks. Our Bird Magazine goes into cold, tropical and temperate climates, and it will be of interest to "swap stories" about the birds in these different places, so send careful reports of your own birds and their doings, and we will compare Connecticut, Florida and California birds.

Cordially your friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

Pi. A winter visitor.

1. North; 2. pine; 3. green; 4. snow; 5. Sparrow; 6. beak; 7. tip; 8. coat; 9. brick; 10. brown; 11. yellow; 12. seeds; 13. pine cones; 14. other; 15. berries; 16. trees; 17. winter; 18. share; 19. sociable; 20. birds; 21. American Crossbill.

QUERIES.

1. The tail feathers of the Woodpecker are pointed and stiffened to act as a prop, and it has 2 toes before and 2 behind, for clinging.

2. The bill of the Woodpecker is very long and strong, and serves as a hammer and chisel to drill for insects which hide beneath the bark of trees.

3. The male Downy, Hairy, Crested, and Red-bellied Woodpeckers, the Sapsucker and the Flicker each have a red mark somewhere upon their heads.

4. Woodpeckers feed upon grubs, beetles, nuts, seeds, and fruits.

5. The Woodpecker excavates a hole for a nest in a partly decayed tree, using the sawdust and chips for a lining to the nest. For warm winter quarters he drills a hole in the underside of a branch, where he is protected from winter storms.

6. The rolling tattoo which the Woodpecker beats upon a hollow limb serves for a love song.

7. The family name of the Woodpecker is Picidae.

Numerical enigma, Pine Grosbeak.

Extracts From Our Mail Bag.

A Day With the Shore Birds of Long Island.

On Washington's Birthday, 1905, my brother, some friends and I spent the day at Rockaway Beach, L. I. The place consists of about ten fishermen's houses on a little promontory with a bay on one side and the ocean on the other. Between these is a large marsh, which fortunately, was entirely frozen over when we were there.

Hundreds of Herring Gulls, immature and adults, were flying over the billows, generally low down, but now and then flying up high, only to return again and disappear behind some wave in search of food. These birds accompanied us in all our walk. There was not a place where we could not see them. Black-backed Gulls were intermingled with them, though not so numerous. We also saw a few Ring-billed Gulls and one Bonaparte Gull. When the Gulls settled on the ground we noticed that they always got up facing the wind.

Constantly, flocks of old Squaw Ducks and Scoters, of both varieties, would fly over our heads, and lots of land birds such as Crows, Snow Buntings, Juncos, etc., were to be seen on the beach.

We now left the beach and crossed the marsh, which was simply filled with Tree Sparrows, and we also identified an Ipswich Sparrow.

As we were getting rather hungry, we asked a fisherman if we could eat our lunch in his cottage. He seemed delighted with the prospect, and I hope it was not entirely from mercenary motives.

After lunch we walked home along the other side of the promontory, by

the bay. When about half way home we heard a loud "honk, honk, honk!" and on looking up we saw a Canada Goose flying away a few yards above our heads, all alone. It must have gotten lost, and I am afraid it fell an easy mark to the sportsman.

A little farther on we came across a dead Red-legged Black Duck. Its head was off and its side was scooped out, showing the work of some Hawk.

We reckoned the time wrong and got to the railroad station just as our train was leaving. As there was not another one for half an hour, we wandered over to a near-by field, and there, to our great delight, saw five Horned Larks. With this bird we ended the day, and a good one at that.

CLARENCE C. ABBOTT.

New York, N. Y.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 is a name familiar to bird lovers.

My 1-3-3 is something children do at school.

7-4-6-7 is mid-day.

5-6-7-5-4-7 is a sweetmeat.

1-7-6-7 is unknown.

1-7-3 is a word which connects sentences.

5-1-3 please do not be this.

3-1-7 a boy's nickname.

7-1-5-4-5 a rich ruler.

5-1-7 a curse.

5-2-7 an article of food.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a bird which nests beneath the eaves of the barn, and leave to roll about.

2. Behead a wading shore bird with a clear whistle, and leave one who loves.

3. Behead one of the larger Sandpipers and leave a word expressing negation.

4. Behead a blue and white bird, and leave a response meaning yes.

5. Behead a game bird and leave to awaken.

6. Behead a bird family with short, stout bills and leave one-twelfth of a fool.

7. Behead a wading bird with a long bill and very long legs, and leave to tip up.

8. Behead a sweet singer and leave Noah's refuge.

9. Behead some large black birds and leave a plant (genum album) bearing an inconspicuous white blossom.

10. Behead a common Blackbird and leave a number of objects placed side by side.

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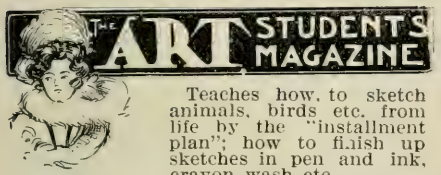

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VOL. VI **APRIL, 1906.** **NO. 4**

On page 78 of this issue, we publish a few queries in regard to the English Sparrow. We wish as many of our readers as possible would answer these questions and send their plain, unvarnished opinion in regard to the sparrow question to Mr. Estabrook. Do not indulge in useless tirades or abuse but state plain facts that you know to be correct; again, do not let your sympathies close your eyes to their glaring faults, some of which are emblazoned on the fronts and sides of all city blocks and dwellings.

"I would like to suggest that the readers of American Ornithology might find it very interesting to have a number of this magazine devoted to a discussion in the form of a debate, upon whether birds have intellect or only instinct. Many interesting facts from personal observation would probably be handed in from all over the country, to illustrate both sides of this popular question. I think such a number would be a very valuable magazine, for many remarkable facts about bird life would be brought out, that otherwise would never be published." We are entirely in accord with this communication from Mr. S. D. Robbins, Belmont, Mass., and now call for accounts of any actions of birds that you may have observed, which would seem to denote the presence of intellect or forethought. We will plan to devote part of the July number to this question, so you will have the opportunity to make further investigation, but all material will have to be in our hands before June 10th.

The following showed the most skill in coloring the Kinglet supplement for February: 1st, Inez Henely, Grinnell, Iowa; 2nd, Leon E. Youngs, Port Crane, N. Y.; 3rd, E. R. West, New Albany, Ind.

Photo by N. W. Swayne.

BARN OWLS.

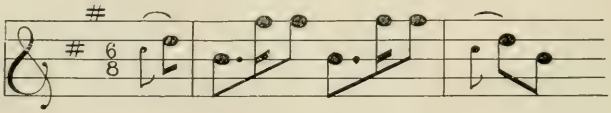
A BIRD COMPOSER.

By George R. Thompson, Clinton, N. Y.

It was a beautiful morning in Central New York, in the unusually warm and pleasant Spring of 1903. The writer was just leaving his house opposite the grounds, formerly owned by a nurseryman, of a neighbor who spared no pains to maintain one of the beauty spots of his village. Suddenly from among the trees beyond the hedge a ringing bird song was heard, —a single phrase only,—but so striking as instantly to command attention.

Here was every inducement to stop and investigate, but nature study, the thing that seemed worth while, had to yield to business engagements, things of no consequence, but necessary in order to meet the endless procession of bills, the penalty of an attempt at civilized life. And so a trolley trip and a day in a city office followed instead of the more congenial ramble afield, not without a resolution, however, to identify the songster at the earliest chance.

Several days of fair, warm weather followed. Early one morning,—it was Thursday, May 21, 1903,—through the open window of the sleeping room the song was heard, instantly recognizable when one had observed it before. Further sleep was out of the question. After hastily rising, a trial at the piano, while the song was fresh in memory, showed that the song-phrase was in D minor, thus:



Here was a musical phrase worthy of Wagner in originality and of Verdi in sweetness, rendered with a brilliancy and tone quality not to be despised in the cornet soloist of a metropolitan orchestra,—all by a little bird, untaught, save by nature, in rhythm, phrasing, tone-quality or motive.

It was a bird morning and the air was full of song, but the repetition of this phrase at short intervals dominated the chorus. A search with an opera-glass in the shrubbery over the way was begun, with determination to solve the mystery. Clear and strong the calls came, while evergreens and shrubs among the trees were passed, and a wood thrush, hopping about on the grass among the robins, ordinarily enough to attract attention, was passed almost unnoticed. Soon the approach became cautious; the song was near. Finally an evergreen was carefully rounded and there, in a shrub thirty feet away, was the singer. He was not shy at approach; instead, he seemed to have the proper scorn of the virtuoso for ordinary folk. But what humiliation for the finder! With the belief that the commoner birds were known and that

this was something rare the search began, and here was an ordinary Baltimore Oriole! No, he was not ordinary, he had that song!

Through the summer he was like a personal friend. The song marked him apart from his tribe. Sometimes in the elm near the swinging nest built later on, sometimes in the evergreens or in the maples along the street, he was ever ready to reply to a poorly whistled human imitation of his song by a ringing rendering of his own,—as if to say, "There sir, *that's* the way!"

Nesting time passed; the freshness of Spring became the heat of Summer; the songs became less frequent; after a faint revival in August they ceased altogether. Winter passed; Spring came again and the reappearance of the songster was eagerly awaited. Finally one calm Sunday morning in May, there it was again! No,—not exactly the same, but still the same song. He omitted the last two notes from the previous year's song. Throughout the Summer he sang except in the moulting season of late July, but with less frequency, brilliancy and strength than before, and again he disappeared at the approach of Fall.

In the summer of 1905 the writer had changed his place of residence and was able to observe the old locality only a few times. On one occasion the song-phrase was recognized while passing along the street. The bird is regarded as a personal friend whose reappearance is eagerly awaited.

SAPSUCKER SKETCHES.

By Stephen P. Brownell.

Looking at the young sapsucker in the picture (see Feb. A. O. p. 37), one might reasonably conclude that it had bored the holes in the bark of the alder from which it is drinking the sap. But this bird is not the carpenter which has so fatally mutilated this tree. The holes were made by its indulgent mother. The young bird is reaping the fruit, or rather, drinking the sap of her labors. As with human kind, you cannot always tell from the money one has who earned it, or from the clothes one wears who paid for them; also among sapsuckers, we cannot safely conclude that the bird which sucks the sap, drilled the holes from which it flows.

For several weeks last summer a family of yellow-bellied sapsuckers (Sphyrapieus varius) came daily to a clump of alders, where I often spent the morning hours in study. We were engaged quite differently. I, tapping my head for ideas that would not flow; they, tapping trees for sap that readily exuded. And yet I hope they enjoyed my company as well as I did theirs.

The family consisted of the parent birds and two young ones. During my observation of these birds, covering a period of about six weeks, I noticed a marked development in the plumage of the young. The white lines above

and below the eye, and the white patch on the throat, which show quite plainly in the picture, were hardly observable when I first saw them. The birds got so accustomed to me in my camp chair that even the old ones became quite tame. The most confidence, however, was shown by the young. So fearless these became that one of them permitted my little girl who was with me one day to reach her hand within a foot of it before it flew to another branch.

ADULT SAPSUCKER.

This family of sapsuckers, of which I saw so much last summer, acted in a very commonplace manner, much like common birds and common men working for a living. I was hoping all the time to see them performing some wonderful feats never witnessed nor described by any naturalist, and I would secure a monopoly of the birds' peculiar mannerisms, write them up, get my story copyrighted and the method of observation patented. Next summer I will not spend my time watching the birds in the ordinary routine of their life, but will endeavor to find some individuals which will rise above commonplaces and open up to my expectant gaze a whole chapter of psychological phenomena.

But, seriously, there were a few things that deeply interested me last summer, as I watched my bark-boring friends. Hoping that these may be also of interest to some of your readers I will record them. And first, I became convinced from my observations of these birds that the sap of the trees is their principal food. My first impression was that they were after the ants, flies and butterflies which gathered about the exuding sap; and that the birds perforated the bark for the sole purpose of attracting the in-

Photo by S. P. Brownell.

IMMATURE SAPSUCKER.

sects. But more careful observation failed to confirm this belief. Not once did I see any effort made by the birds to capture the insects thus attracted.

Nor were the hearts of the birds won, via their stomachs, by the suet which I offered them. Of this they ate very sparingly, taking it more as *entremets* than as a regular diet. This view was confirmed by their persistence in driving away a pair of downy woodpeckers which were quite anxious to feast on the fat, and incidentally to pose for a group picture in so doing. But vain were my attempts to drive away the sapsuckers till I could photograph the downies at their dinner.

Again, I noticed that the mother birds bored the most of the sap cells. It would appear that her mate is not so indulgent to the young after they seem old enough to shift for themselves. Before the young birds leave the nest each parent shares equally the burden of support. On July 5th, 1902, in Nova Scotia, I watched a pair of these birds feeding their young. The nest was about thirty feet high in a dead birch. The old birds came turn

about with food for the clamoring nestlings. The food was probably wood worms, for they secured it from a piece of burnt woods, near by.

In boring the bark of the alder bushes the mother bird always worked upward. I did not see her extending the perforated space from below. Perhaps in this she had no special purpose. But, if, as it occurred to me, her object was to secure the overflow of sap from the newly drilled holes by making them in such a position that it would run into the dried up cells below, we have another evidence of something very near to reasoning instinct in our feathered friends. Had the new sap cups been drilled below the old ones, the overflow of sap would have run down the bark, and have been lost to the young birds upon their return to the tree.

I was also interested in seeing that the hummingbirds and white-breasted nuthatches helped themselves to the food which the mother bird had so laboriously provided for her own progeny. The hummingbirds, especially, were attentive to the flow of the sap. Their well known fondness for sugar explains this predilection. In this sugar-making country, birds, as well as men, have learned the art of drawing sweetness from the trees. On several occasions I have seen sapsuckers tapping on the sugar-maker's sap buckets as they hung on the maple trees. The first time that I ever heard this gave me quite a start, as the sharp blows of the bird's bill on the tin pail suddenly disturbed the stillness of the forest. Probably they were gathering the grains of sugar formed on the buckets by the evaporation of the sap.

With the nuthatches and hummingbirds, ants, flies and butterflies stealing their food: with downy woodpeckers to be kept away: with a strange looking box with a long trailing tube leading to a man on a chair, and its large glass eye staring at them as they take their morning meal, is it not a wonder that the young sapsuckers are able to preserve that look of complacent indifference and kindly good nature which the camera has reproduced in the picture?

Circular of Inquiry with reference to the Present Status of the English Sparrow Problem in America.

1. Are you familiar with Bulletin No. 1, The English Sparrow in America, published by the Agricultural Department in 1889: and do you agree with the facts there presented and with its conclusions?

2. Is the English Sparrow present in your locality? How numerous? Are they increasing or decreasing in numbers?

3. What is being done to exterminate them? Please outline methods which you deem effective.

4. What influence have you observed the English Sparrow to have upon native birds?

5. Would public opinion in your locality favor the adoption of effective measures to exterminate this species?

6. Please state facts and arguments, pro and con, which decide this problem in your own mind.

Everybody interested is requested to send replies to the above questions before June 1, if possible, to the undersigned. It is proposed to gather a concensus of opinion from all parts of this country and Canada. The data will be made public as soon as possible.

Mar. 5, 1906. *Signed*, A. H. Estabrook,
Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Newspapers please copy.

Photo by E. C. Lambert.

Nest of Catbird.

ANT-EATING WOODPECKER.

407. **Melanerpes formicivorus.**

Male with a red crown and white or yellowish forehead; female with the white forehead separated from the red crown by a black band. Black band across the breast streaked with white. Young very similar but duller colored.

Range.—Southwestern United States, from Texas to Arizona and south into Mexico.

CALIFORNIAN WOODPECKER.

407. 9.5 inches. **M. f. Bairdi.**

Like the last variety but with the bill slightly heavier, and with black breast band nearly solid black.

Range.—Pacific coast from Oregon southward.

These beautiful birds are rarely seen far distant from the oak belts, and in suitable localities throughout the southwest and on the Pacific coast, they are fairly common. As they are sociable and often found in flocks, besides being noisy, they are, perhaps, the most often seen of any of the family.

Except when working, they seem to be very restless and are continually flitting from tree to tree; but they will sit on the end of a dead limb and drum on the resonant wood for hours at a time, stopping every few minutes to listen for an answer, or to see if their music is being properly appreciated.

All woodpeckers will store food away for future use, but this species seem to be a great deal more industrious in this particular than any other. Their food consists chiefly of acorns; these they will gather and tuck in holes that they have drilled for their reception in suitable dead limbs, or in the tops of telegraph poles. Sometimes trees will be found studded with acorns, row after row of holes being drilled closely together around the trunk. Acorns are put in these both for storage purposes and holding them so that they can hammer the shell open with their bill. Jay and squirrels try to, and often do steal a great many of these stored nuts, but, while these woodpeckers are very sociable and peacefully inclined towards one another, they do their best to punish any marauder that they catch purloining their stores.

Besides acorns, they catch a great many insects, often darting out from the trees and catching them in the air, true flycatcher fashion. They also eat a great many larvae and eggs of insects that they get from under the bark. They do some damage to fruit, in the season, for like all the woodpeckers of this genus, they are fond of it. However, the damage they do is slight compared to the good services that they render.

About the middle of April they commence to excavate their home; they most often select an oak, but if there is a shortage of decayed ones, any tree

CALIFORNIAN WOODPECKER.

of suitable size will answer. Both birds assist in the labor and they do a great deal of talking as they work. As in the case of most woodpeckers, the chips are carried to some distance before they are dropped, and only rarely is a nest found where there will be any evidence of work on the ground at the foot of the tree. Their four or five eggs are pure white, and glossy; they measure 1.00 x .75 inches. For perhaps a day after they are hatched, the young are fed upon regurgitated food, but after that they are fed upon solid food which the parents bring to them in their bills. If the trunk of the tree containing a nest and young, is struck a sharp blow, they will often commence a loud buzzing sound like a great hive of bees. This sound is also produced by the majority of other species.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

By Carl L. Kapp.

With the advent of spring, those who are interested in ornithology, watch with eager interest for the advance guard of the vast host of migrating birds. March, though a period of unsettled weather, is, properly speaking, the month when the spring migration begins. But an unusually mild spell during the latter part of February, may possibly induce the Bluebird and Song Sparrow, two species numbered among our permanent residents (in Iowa), to prematurely welcome spring and inaugurate the season of song. Soon after this, if the conditions of the weather remain favorable, we may expect the appearance of the Robin, Purple Grackle and others. Another undeniable evidence of the approach of spring is seen in the preparations of the Great Horned Owl, another permanent resident, for the construction of a nest early in March.

As the season advances, and one sees the passing of countless feathered hosts, the summer residents dropping from their ranks as their summer home is reached; the transient visitants pausing for a time only and then continuing their journey, the old vexed question as to the cause of this bi-annual movement of the feathered tribes presents itself. So many are the difficulties and objections which present themselves, that a clear and concise solution of the problem seems impossible. I have discussed the question with many people who were well versed in bird study, as well as with many who take but little interest in the birds. So many were the theories advanced that, to present them all here, would be out of the question. But the most plausible in the minds of many is that of food supply.

Converse with some of the supporters of this theory and they will draw your attention to the fact that when the ice leaves the rivers and lakes, we

Photo from life by A. D. Wheedon.

CATBIRD WITH FOOD FOR HER YOUNG.

notice that the geese and ducks put in an appearance, but not before. Also at this time we may expect the so-called enemy of the fisherman, the Belted Kingfisher. With the advent of the insect season, we note the arrival of those species which are wholly insectivorous. Again, in the fall, when the temperature becomes such that the ground is hardened and the ice forms on the water, we find that all the species that derive their food from the water, leave, and those whose nature it is to probe in the soft mud about the edges of ponds and lakes, also leave as soon as the ground hardens.

Now, while all these facts, for facts they are, together with many others which are presented by the supporters of the food-supply theory, are undeniably true, there are many objections to be answered before it will be generally accepted as the one and only cause for migration. For instance, if the food supply governs the migrations of birds, why is it that members of those species included in the list of permanent residents, that is, those species that are represented in northern localities all the year round, remain and vary their diet according to the season? Why do not other species learn to vary their diet and thus escape periling their lives in the long journeys to and fro? We see, many times during hard winters, flocks of English Sparrows clustering miserably together, and starving for want of food. Why does not this hardy little bird learn the lesson of migration as other species have learned it? Again, why is it that birds that pass the winter in tropical regions leave at the time when the tropical season is at its height, and the insect life is at its best, to come northward to a land where the last traces of winter have hardly vanished?

Mr. Frank M. Chapman, in "Bird-Life," makes this statement:—"I believe that the origin of this great pilgrimage of countless millions of birds is to be found in the existence of an annual nesting season. In my opinion, it is exactly paralleled by the migration of shad, salmon and other fishes to their spawning grounds, and the regular return of seals to their breeding rookeries. Most animals have a desire for seclusion during the period of reproduction, and when this season approaches, will seek some retired part of their haunts or range, in which to bring forth their young."

A little further on in this discussion of the same subject, he says:—"There is very good reason to believe the necessity of securing a home in which their young could be reared was, and still is, the cause of migration. It must be remembered, however, that birds have been migrating for ages, and that the present conditions are the result of numerous and important climatic changes." He also says that many species of tropical sea birds resort each year to some rocky islet, where they may nest in safety. This is not migration in the proper sense of the term, but the object is the same that prompts the plover to travel to the Arctic regions, and the movement is just as regular. As in

the case of the warbler, they are annually affected by an impulse to hasten to a certain place. The impulse is periodic, and in a sense, common to all birds. There is a nesting season in the tropics, just as there is a regular nesting season in the Arctic region.

Why is it, then, since there is a nesting season in the tropics, that some of the species which migrate to the tropics do not remain there, and when the period of reproduction approaches, seek some retired spot where they can nest in safety? Because as the summer months advance, the heat of the tropical region becomes unbearable to those species which are used to a temperate clime.

Photo from life by J. H. Miller.

CATBIRD ON NEST.

Human beings, who are able, often go south to escape the inconveniences of winter weather, but they do not go south during the summer months because those used to a temperate clime, suffer intensely from the heat of a southern sun. There is a certain season of the year, it is said, when partridges go crazy. It seems to be a temporary madness which incites them to fly miles away, in no particular direction and to no particular place. What the cause is, I do not know, but it has at least one good effect which is easily seen; it breaks up families. Were it not for this temporary insanity, these birds would remain, year after year, in the same locality, and thus become exposed to the danger of interbreeding, which would be fatal to their kind.

The annual migration of other birds has naturally the same effect. Flocks of birds, such as the Robin, which have congregated in one locality ready to migrate, are joined by others from other localities. As the flocks mingle, members of the same brood become separated. It is my belief that the annual migration of birds is governed by several reasons. I do not see how it could be due to one cause alone, as food supply, for instance. The theories presented by different authorities, in my opinion, are all equally plausible, but are not sufficient to meet every case.

My conclusion is, then, that the migration of birds is governed, not by one but by several reasons, viz.—the desire for seclusion during the period of reproduction; the supply of food; climatic conditions, and the necessity of the breaking up of families.

[I doubt if any well versed writer upon the subject intentionally claims that bird migration is due to one cause alone, but there is no doubt but what the most vital reasons are food supply and instinct (that word which is so often used by scientists to explain that which they do not know). All birds do, instinctively, most of the things that their parents did. A Blue Jay, raised from the egg, although it may learn any number of notes, will, in times of excitement, fall back upon the old jay calls, although he never before heard them. A Ruffed Grouse, raised from the egg, will strut and drum, during the proper season, the same as his parents did. A bird whose ancestors migrated will always migrate from instinct as well as because of a coming shortage in food supply. An all-wise Providence created birds for beauty, song and utility, and probably instilled into the breast of each species, the instinct to migrate or not to migrate, whichever was best suited to the needs of the locality it inhabited. There is an abundance of food in the north for such birds as remain, such as insect larvae and eggs, seeds and dried berries. It is only when trees are covered with an icy coat or the snow with a hard crust, that our winter birds experience any real hardships. There is not, however, sufficient food in winter to warrant other species in staying here, even provided that they had the bill required to secure food in our winters.

Likewise it would not do for our birds to remain in the south instead of returning at the proper time, for the north would have an insect scourge, while the south would be overrun with birds, for those from the Antarctic regions would be pouring in to escape their winter. I think that the temperature is the least important factor in the migratory movement, as far as the ability of the birds to stand it is concerned. Southern Chickadees are just as heavily plumaged as are the northern Hudsonian variety. The Laughing Gull, that does not come north of Massachusetts in the summer, is just as heavily clothed as is Ross Gull which is not found south of the Arctic Circle even in winter. Our Black-capped Chickadee sings just as cheerily on a bright winter day, with the thermometer registering ten or more degrees less than nothing as he does in temperate heat, or when it is above the hundred mark in summer.

The migration scheme, as it exists, is a perfect one; the bird life normally will balance the insect life. Man must not destroy this balance; even if we cannot see wherein a certain species is economically valuable, that is insufficient excuse for exterminating it.

I have never heard the saying about partridges going crazy at certain seasons, but we remember the story of Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson as to "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy." I think probably the partridge story has a similar origin; there may be "crazy" birds in some parts of the country, but a long acquaintance with grouse, or "partridge," and Chickadees warrants me in saying that we have level-headed ones in Massachusetts. *Ed.*]

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG CATBIRD.

Photo by I. E. Hess.

"When the wintry wood folds up her shroud
Revealing spots so dear,
And the snows upon the north-tipped slopes
Begin to disappear."

THE MESSENGER.

By Isaac E. Hess.

When the wintry wood folds up her shroud
  Revealing spots so dear,
And the snows upon the north-tipped slopes
  Begin to disappear—
When the green springs upward to replace
  Earth's carpet brown and sear—
They're bulletins: translated read,
    "Spring-time is almost here."

When the Red-bird plies his questionings
  "What cheer" to me "What cheer",
When from the azure skies above
  Sweet bluebird notes I hear.
And "honks" of wild geese speeding north
  Fall softly on my ear—
They're peremptory messages;
  They tell me spring is near.

When from the distant south there rings
  The clarion notes and clear,
And comes the wild voice, hastening
On wings—"Killdeer," "Killdeer"—
I bid farewell to winter
  And we part without a tear;
For spring's authentic messenger
  Is come and spring is here.

MY PINE GROSBEAKS.

By Clayton E. Stone.

In your magazine for December, 1905, I was quite interested in the article entitled, "A Family of Chickadees."

For quite a number of years I have taken considerable care to call the birds about my home that I might become better acquainted with them, and to study their habits. Each winter my yard is well filled with feeding places for my feathered friends. And, to judge from the number of birds that frequent these every day during the winter, I should think that they were very much appreciated by them.

Jays, juncos, tree sparrows, downy and hairy woodpeckers, nuthatches, goldfinches and an occasional brown creeper and lots of chickadees. These have become so tame that I fed them from my hands, and they will often light upon my cap, and we are very companionable in many ways.

But by far the most interesting of all my winter birds were my flock of pine grosbeaks, that were with me during the winter of 1903 and 1904.

While riding along a pine-bordered road in my town (Lunenburg, Mass.), late in November (the 27th), I was surprised to hear the call of one of these wanderers from the north and a moment later three of them, one red and two yellow, were perching on the top of a low pine, not thirty feet from me.

During that winter they were very abundant. I had a flock of a dozen or more of them that stayed about my farm all winter, until late in March (the 30th), and during that time they became very familiar and friendly. A tub, in which I had flowers in summer, was about four feet from my doorway, and this I converted into a dining table for the birds, and hardly a day passed all winter that the grosbeaks did not make it a visit.

Of all the different species of birds I have ever met with I think the grosbeaks have the least fear of man. While feeding, there would be as many as half a dozen within two feet of me and they would take food from my hand.

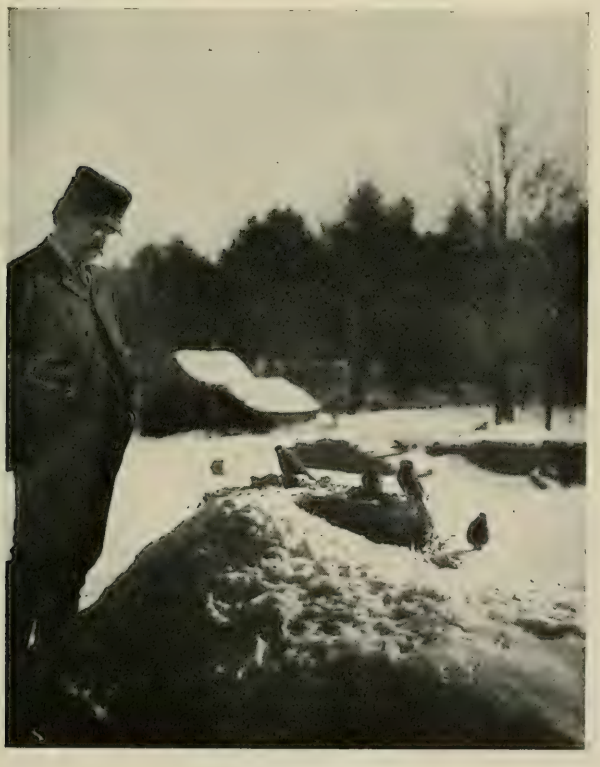
One partially red male, with a few broken feathers in its back, would allow me to stroke it as you would a cat. (The bird nearest me in the picture I enclose is the one I speak of). While the grosbeaks were with me I experimented with them to find out what kind of food they liked best. Grain such as corn, oats and wheat, they cared nothing for; crumbs and scraps of meat they would not touch; they ate a few bird, cucumber and sunflower seeds, but fresh cut apple they would gorge themselves with, a bird eating as much as an eighth of a fair-sized apple at a single meal.

Aside from their dining table, I never met with birds that were more erratic in their feeding habits. They would feed upon the buds of one species of tree or shrub in one locality, while in another, not ten rods distant

from it they would not touch the same species, but would feed exclusively on some other. This would apply to individual trees of the same species. Two apple trees, side by side in my yard, were frequented by many birds, one a sweeting; they feasted on its buds. The other a Gravenstine, with much larger buds, they seldom touched. Maple and ash buds seemed to be a favorite food with them, as were also the seeds of white and yellow pine.

Many thought that their extensive budding of fruit and shade trees would do a great deal of harm, but I have yet to learn of any amount of damage being done to any of them. Perhaps it was a benefit, for in their budding of the trees they saved the labor of thinning the fruit.

At any rate, they are and always will be a welcome visitor to me, and I only wish they would come our way more frequently than they do at present. They are such a cheery sight in our yards during the long, cold New England winters.



PINE GROSBEAKS.

"THE RUFFED GROUSE ON SNOW SHOES."

W. C. Knowles.

Deep snows cover the wintergreen patches and the last red berry has been plucked from the bitter-sweet vine. What will the grouse do for the next meal?

Several times during last winter two or three of these brown birds came flying through the dusky twilight with that familiar whirring sound of the woods, and alighted on the topmost branches of the door-yard apple trees. They were after apple buds and ate with great rapidity. We could hear them feasting long after it was too dark for us to see, until they flew away to the woods and the warmth of the hemlock trees. They returned before daylight for their breakfast.

The grouse does not depend wholly upon buds for food, for he can walk the snow drifts with great ease. In fall a fringe of hard bristles grows on both sides of each toe. This bristly growth prevents the bird from sinking into the snow bank and enables it to burrow for food to some extent.

In April, these comb-toothed shoes will disappear and the bird will go barefoot all summer. Look for the tracks of the grouse on the snow and see for yourself how this shy wood bird walks on snow shoes.

A DRUMMER BOY.

My interest in the partridge was aroused by reading William Long's story of the "Ol' Beech Pa'tridge." This is the story of a bird, which roamed for years over a certain tract of land, claiming it as his own, and from it, driving off every other cock partridge that dared approach the region of his two favorite drumming logs. He was the target of many a hunter, and many a noble dog tried to hold him, but in vain. As a last resort, a small boy set a trap for him, but through the curiosity of a blue jay, the Ol' Beech Pa'tridge's life was spared.

Due to the large number of devotees of the hunt, the woods in this region, have been largely depopulated of these birds. So it was to me a matter of joy and interest when an opportunity was presented of observing the partridge.

Tired from a long walk, which had just lead through an old wood lot densely covered with a low growth of bushes and brambles, I sat down to rest. At my feet trickled a little brook, and opposite rose a gentle slope covered with hickories, seemingly an ideal place for birds.

As I looked about, my eye rested on a stump, and standing on it, though scarcely discernible on account of the blending of color, was a cock partridge. The bird strutted about on the stump with drooping wings, his fine

tail spread and ruff raised, apparently looking to see if he was observed. No one was looking, he concluded, and so he stood erect and preened himself. Then the woods resounded with his drumming. He seemed to produce the sound by striking his wings against the side of his body. This, he did very slowly at first, then, after a short pause, he gradually increased the the speed until the sound died in a continuous whirr.

Ten consecutive times I saw this partridge drum, and every time he went through the same preliminary movements.

After watching for a time, I made my presence known, by going nearer, only to see him hop from his stump and disappear in a great flurry. About fifteen minutes later, as I stood on the edge of the woods, some distance from this spot, I heard the sound of his drumming, which seemed to come from a long distance.

All summer, I thought of this persistent fellow, drumming on his stump to call a mate. Always there came the wish that the ruthless hunter would spare his life, and that he might secure a loving mate.

ELSIE SPACE JACKSON.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

Just now there is a great stir in Bird Circles, has it reached your town? Many of the birds are donning fresh coats of brighter colors than those which they have worn during the winter months: each feather is combed and preened and oiled. The members of the May-day Choral Society are mak-

ing ready for the delightful symphony which shall announce to us the coming of the birds, flowers, and summer in all its sweet witchery of green.

Hundreds of miles, over land and sea, they will come in great companies; each one will reach here in due time to add his own sweet strain to the universal chorus. Year in, and year out, they have never failed us, nor will they do so this year.

With unerring instinct, they will return from the lands of the palm and from the islands of the south. Even the tiniest among these birds of passage, is nothing daunted by the four thousand miles which stretch before him.

During this month and May most of the wanderers will return, and how gladly we shall welcome back each tiny tourist.

Every one of our boys and girls will want a season ticket, and they will have to be in their places early to miss none of the bewitching melodies.

I should be glad to have you write me your opinion of the English Sparrow. Do you think he has been slandered—and do you agree with our Texas friend?

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles D. Robinson, Waterville, Maine.
Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

Decapitations.

1. Swallow-wallow; 2. Plover-lover; 3. Knot-not; 4. Jay-ay; 5. Grouse-rouse; 6. Finch-inch; 7. Stilt-tilt; 8. Lark-ark; 9. Ravens-avens; 10. Crow-row.

Enigma—Audobon.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

AN INTERESTING BIRD.

The English sparrow's habits and traits will bear close study. I have watched them carefully for about a month.

Some folks say they are noisy and their chattering is disagreeable. Well, when it is cold and a north wind is blowing hard hadn't you rather hear their chattering than no song? I had.

Many a morning when it is cold, the first thing I hear when I get outside the house is their chattering.

There is a Red Haw bush in our yard, and a vine grew in this bush

which had a kind of black berry, which is called shetal berry. The sparrows seem very fond of it, and I have seen as many as twenty of these birds eating these berries.

Some people say that they drive off other birds. I saw two mocking birds and some sparrows eating the berries, and they were not quarreling. I have also seen other birds such as snow birds, mocking birds, and chickadees, and they seemed to be getting along very peacefully.

I think there is too much blame put on this bird.

BONNER COFFEY,
Bandera, Texas.

VILLANELLE—THE LARK'S SONG.

There is no song I love so well,
  No song that thrills with soulful grace
As this from out the blossomed dell;
So sweet, so clear, it yields a spell
  Of bliss that time does not erase—
There is no song I love so well.
No notes like these doth ever swell
  To calm my wild and struggling pace,
As these from out the blossomed dell,
So heaven-like, it soon doth quell
  The aching throbs of sorrow's trace.
There is no song I love so well.
You've found no ditty to excel—
  No song that wins the smiling face
As this from out the blossomed dell;
No dearer sound has ever fell
  To bless me in some lonely place.
There is no song I love so well
  As this from out the blossomed dell.

BENJAMIN PHILLIPS,
Seiad Valley, California.

MIGRATION QUERIES.

1. What birds migrate?
2. When does migration take place?
3. Where do the migrants go?
4. Why do they take these long journeys?
5. How do they know the way?
6. What changes take place in the plumage before migration, and why?

7. Can you tell any changes which take place in song or food at this time?

8. Do the migrants travel by night or by day?

9. Do different families travel together?

10. Do the birds return to the same nesting places?

11. Do they return at the same time each year?

12. What bird travels the greatest distance?

13. What dangers do they meet?

Double Beheadings.

1. Behead twice our most common bird and leave an Indian weapon.

2. Behead twice a beautiful singer with a long tail and leave a thin slice of meat.

3. Behead twice a bird with a speckled breast, and leave to move forward with violence.

4. Behead twice a bird with a red breast and leave an inclosed place for coal, apples, etc.

5. Behead twice a common game bird which lives in flocks, and leave not well.

6. Behead twice one of the wagtails and leave a deep, dark hole.

7. Behead twice a large water bird with a mournful cry—and leave a preposition.

8. Behead twice a small goose and leave an industrious insect.

9. Behead twice a sacred bird of ancient Egypt and leave a form of the verb to be.

10. Behead twice a tropical bird and leave a letter of the alphabet.

11. Behead twice a tiny member of the flycatcher family and leave very small.

GLEANINGS.

April.

The swallows circle, the robin calls:
The lark's song rises, faints and falls:
The peach boughs blush with rosiest bloom;
Like ghosts in the twilight, the pear trees loom.
The maples glow, and the daffodils
Wear the same hue that the west sky fills;
The moon's young crescent, thin and bright,
Shines in the blue of the early night:
And over all, through all, April bears
A hope that smiles at the winter's fears.

Sara Andrew Shafer, in The Outlook.

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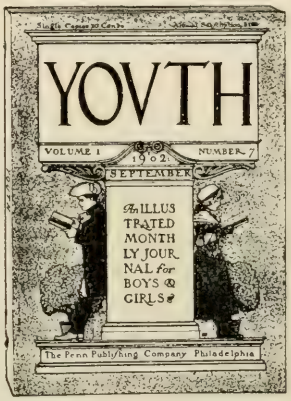

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VOL. VI **MAY, 1906.** **NO. 5**

For the next three months, material in abundance can be found for the camera hunter, on every hand. The photographing of adult wild birds, out in the woods and free, is quite a difficult matter and requires much time and patience but the results are well worth all the effort that is required. We are always glad to receive photographs of nests, young birds or adults for inspection with a view to publishing in American Ornithology. All pictures that we can use we will pay for at the rate of 50c. each, and for exceptional ones we will pay up to $2.00. We wish all who may try this fascinating sport the best of success.

One of the best and most interesting works on natural history we have ever examined is the "Library of Natural History" in 5 vols. It is very completely illustrated from photographs, most of them being from living animals; it will therefore especially appeal to all interested in the camera, as well as to all nature lovers. All our readers should send ten cents at once to the University Society, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for their very handsome booklet concerning this library and four colored pictures which they will mail to you if you mention the bird magazine.

Taking everything into consideration, the following three colored the Orchard Oriole supplement with the most skill. Let's see how many can correctly color the Bob White that is with this issue. 1st. Chas. Richard Heard, 65 Broadway, Hagerstown, Md.; 2d. Roy E. Wilhelm, Dows, Iowa; 3rd. Elizabeth A. Paul, 876 Forest St., Andover, Mass.

(Winner of 2nd prize in 1905 competition). Photo from life by J. H. Miller.

RUFFED GROUSE ON NEST.

Photo by C. H. Morrell.

NEST AND EGGS OF RUFFED GROUSE.

We are very glad to present to our readers, the following article and illustrations concerning the drumming of the Ruffed Grouse, by Dr. Hodge. This gentleman, by the way, is the first that has ever secured pictures of this interesting performance, and, as far as we know, is the first to have successfully raised these birds from the egg, kept them alive and had them lay for him the following year. We hope in a future number to have Dr. Hodge tell you about the domestication of the grouse, but we are especially glad at this time to show you this photographic proof of how a "partridge" really does drum, because of the very many conflicting stories that have been circulated. When I described my experience with drumming grouse in the Bird Magazine several years ago, I was surprised at the numerous criticisms that I received from various persons styling themselves as "hunters," "sportsmen" or observers of Nature. Most of these were positive that the bird either struck the wings together over the back or else pounded on the log. One of the latest and most ridiculous explanations, accompanied by numerous "fake" pictures, was that the drumming of a grouse was performed without wing motion, the sound being produced in the throat. The following pictures and observations readily explode any such ideas.

Photo by C. A. Reed.

RUFFED GROUSE.

(This is the same bird that is figured in the following drumming pictures).

DRUMMING OF THE RUFFED GROUSE.

BY C. F. HODGE.

The day was April 14, when my grouse cock first drummed for me. I had raised him from an egg taken from the woods the May before; and when he began to strut and show off his fine new feathers in September, I thought he ought to begin to drum any minute and told him so in so many words. I kept on telling him so nearly every day for all the intervening months, but he would just feed out of my hand and strut and look at me as much as to say: "I'll drum all right, when I get good and ready."

On the above date hope and patience had about given out. I went to the cage to see him about it at five o'clock in the morning, and there he was wasting his time, as usual, strutting around before his favorite little hen. "I'll just take her away from you and see if you'll have sense enough to drum, then, you old loafer;" I said. No sooner said than done, and I had hardly time to turn around, before he sprang on a bit of stone wall, straightened up like the true "drum-major" that he was and the soft morning air began to throb as if it were alive. He was *drumming* at last!

I was glad to have a bird that would drum and not be afraid of me so that I could see exactly how it is done and get some photographs of the curious performance. How many of my readers have heard a grouse drum? How many have seen him drum? How many know just how he does it? Well, to one who knows it, this is one of the most thrilling sounds in nature; and I

Photo by C. F. Hodge.

GROUSE DRUMMING.

hope we may all hear it more often rather than have our woods stilled forever by its loss.

Audubon told us how the grouse drums over sixty years ago, but not many people seem to have heard his story about it, and, perhaps, some who read it did not believe that Audubon had seen it just right. He claimed that the bird stood up straight and made the sound by striking his sides with the wings—at first slowly and then more rapidly, until the beats fused into a continuous "roll of muffled thunder." The Indians had, however, named the ruff'ed grouse the "carpenter bird," because they thought he "pounded on a log." I suppose they told the Pilgrim Fathers that the grouse drummed by pounding on a log, and they told all their boys and girls the same story, and when a story gets started, it is hard to stop; and so, even yet, although

we have photographs which show that the wings do not come within several inches of the log, and though the bird has often been seen drumming on a rock or on the ground, even, a great many people will still insist that the grouse "pounds on the log."

Others have claimed that they could see the wings strike together over the back, others, that the bird drums by stamping on the log with his feet, others, that the wings strike the breast, still others that the sound is produced in the throat and without any wing motion. Professor William Brewser thinks that the wings strike only the *air*, and he has had excellent opportunities for observation. I tried to get some photographs with the camera looking directly down on the drummer, in order to show just how far forward the wings came. He did not seem to like this arrangement and went over to the stone to drum, so that I did not succeed in securing this most decisive picture. However, a number of my negatives show the blur of the rapidly whirring wings coming up to the feathers along the sides; and, with all respect for Professor Brewster's view, for the present I am inclined to agree with Audubon, that the sound is made by the wings striking the soft feather cushions of the sides.

Photo by C. F. Hodge.

GROUSE DRUMMING.

(Wings at their fullest extent).

Photo by C. F. Hodge.

GROUSE DRUMMING.

(Note how far forward the wings come).

I hope all my readers may hear the grouse drumming this spring; and, when they do, they may possibly get a good look at the drummer, if they will follow the directions given by Mr. Jones, of Oberlin, Ohio. While the grouse is drumming, run silently as fast as you can toward the sound, but stop stock still the instant the sound ceases—behind a tree, if possible. When he drums again, run up nearer, and so on, until you are standing behind a tree within a few feet of the bird. Do not try to "peek," until he begins to drum again, then take a good look. Mr. Jones says that he was able to rush up and actually catch the bird in his hands while he was too much absorbed in his drumming to think of flying away. I hope if anyone of you do this, you will promptly let the bird go, and tell us the story in *The American Bird Magazine*. It will be a fine story, I am sure.

JIM: A TRUE STORY.

DEWEY AUSTIN COBB.

Jim was a crow. Enterprise and curiosity must have distinguished him from the time he broke his shell and opened his insatiable bill, but his life

in the nest, however strenuous and noteworthy, must be left to imagination. His first notable effort was the attempt to fly in his pin feathers. Naturally, but to his great indignation and disgust, he tumbled ignominiously to the ground, where he began using such language as no crow of good morals would utter. This outcry led to his being picked up by an Italian laborer who was passing. Whether the man feared to introduce such an example of American free speech among his children, or felt that he could neither appease the appetite nor correct the temper of the youngster, does not matter; the Italian promptly presented Jim to a lady whose house he must pass on his way to work. She accepted the foundling, and at once attempted to silence his noise by the offer of whatever food was at hand.

Photo by C. F. Hodge.

GROUSE DRUMMING.

He was named "Jim" at once—the name seemed to have come with him, and no one remembered who first used it, though probably the "Jim Crow" of tradition had something to do with the original suggestion. Jim promptly accepted the name, his new owner, (whom he seemed to recognize as his special good genius) and also frequent samples of everything in her pantry.

Although he could not yet fly, he refused to be still for a moment. He wobbled and toddled about on his queer little feet, lifting up his strident voice, while busily examining every part of the house to which he could gain access.

While Jim recognized his hostess as a familiar comrade, he showed no fear of other human beings. But in liberty alone lay his pursuit of happiness, and he resented any attempt to curtail it or control his movements. He very condescendingly acknowledged as equals all who spoke to him, by promptly answering each remark and attempting to continue the conversation. You always felt yourself at a disadvantage with him, as he seemed to have the use of two languages to your one. If he did not understand all you said, he never let you suspect it, and you could only blindly resent his evident impudence in his own tongue, which seemed far better suited than your own to vituperation and contemptuous rejoinder.

Jim cherished no ill will; in fact, on the whole, he approved of the human race. He would snuggle up to the feet or the gown of an acquaintance, and gurgle to himself in a charming little way at times; but if any one responded to his advances by picking him up, ever so gently, or even stroking his back, his dignity was aroused and he would "swear," bite and scratch like an angry cat. After a long time, his accepted patroness found that there was one portion of his sacred person which she could touch with impunity. If she gently scratched the base of his cavernous beak, he would close his eyes and cock his head sidewise, with a most beatific expression, for at least twenty seconds.

The first weeks of his life were spent in and about the house, where he carefully studied, with general approval, the belongings of his hostess and her husband, whom he had soon come to regard with favor, as one of her properties. When it became necessary to turn a peach basket over him, or shut him out of doors, his angry remonstrance was so appalling as to be promptly successful. When old enough to begin to fly, the door of the chicken coop, where he spent his nights, was left open. Soon he began to go into the neighboring woods at nightfall, but no one was able to find out in what tree he made his roosting place. On a few occasions, when the wind was very high, he was heard to come back in the night to the shelter of his coop or the piazza window. Daylight always brought him back to the door, clamoring for entrance and for breakfast.

Later, he began to follow his friends to the village, where he made many new acquaintances, whose attentions he enjoyed, though he never tolerated the slightest hint of patronage or superiority. In walking out with you, he invariably followed on behind, like a little dog, until he tired of running, or failed to keep up; then he would fly on ahead for a few rods and wait gravely, or walk back to meet you.

Soon Jim began calling, alone, on people at a distance, usually taking the afternoon hours. Until it grew dark, he would stroll about the piazzas of his acquaintances, but usually started home at nightfall. On one occasion, how-

ever, he stayed so late that the family honored by his call felt sure he would be caught by some cat or dog, and so with infinite pains, the young ladies caught him and carried him home in a covered basket. This indignity was fearfully resented, and on his arrival he seemed actually to appeal to his hostess to let them know how needless was their trouble and anxiety, and assured them, by his own frantic explanations and demonstrations, that the frequent statement, "birds cannot see or fly in the night" was entirely erroneous.

Jim's life and habits were a very interesting study, but his intellectual processes and fastidious tastes were even more remarkable. His early interest in the possessions of others developed, as his strength increased, into a desire to appropriate and hide the objects of his fancy. Forbidden things had the greater charm, and mischief was his delight. Matches were a besetting temptation, wherever discovered. He would recognize a box of them, quietly take possession, and before he could be prevented, scatter them far and wide; and no threat or punishment availed against this habit. Unimportant trifles, or surplus food, were hidden in the grass, or covered with paper. But he had a permanent collection of what he considered real treasures, such as scissors, spectacles, thimbles, or any shining thing he could carry. It was a lasting grief to him that the nickel trimmings of the stoves could not be transported to his museum, though he never really gave up the hope, and would return to the charge day after day, pecking and tugging at some small bright knob or strip, and seasoning his efforts with low but earnest crow expletives. His treasure house was a hollow tree some rods away from the road. The opening was very high, and no human being could get the stolen articles out, nor, apparently, could Jim obtain them again. But he would drop them in shouting in unholy exultation if pursued, and laugh his glee as he recounted his successes to all the neighborhood.

A treasure once secured, he laid claim to ever after, fighting and using scandalous epithets to any one who tried to take it. I once held out a coin toward him, as I sat near. He was cautious and suspicious, and would not come to my knee to take it. I dropped the hand containing it to my side, and went on conversing, pretending not to see him. He edged nearer and nearer, snatched it, ran off a few feet and hid it among the weeds. Soon I went and picked it up and sat with it in my hand, till he went to look for it. Finding it gone, he bravely demanded it again, hopping on my lap and shoulder and scolding loudly until he was permitted to take it, when it was immediately buried in a new place. When it was taken from there, he continued the fight for nearly an hour, demanding the penny with the most virtuous indignation whenever it was disturbed.

But Jim had a good side to his character, as well as a thievish and mis-

chievous one. His desire for wealth and laid up treasure was a very human one, and perhaps no more dishonestly shown than by many members of the human race. And like some among them, he showed his lovable traits most often to the ladies. If one of his feminine friends was sewing or knitting, he would alight near her or in her lap, and with grave and preternatural intentness, watch the work, asking many questions in his gentlest voice, and occasionally catching a thread to draw it for her.

A number of art students sketched in the woods about his home that summer, and Jim became quite a connoisseur. He would sit on a branch overhead, closely scanning every line or brush-mark, now and then bestowing a gentle word of criticism or approval, and regarding all such properties as brushes, pastels, paint-tubes, etc., with a wary eye which betokened an ulterior motive. From the box of a water-colorist, he one day secured a small sponge, which was recovered, however, as he charitably bestowed it in the yard of a neighbor at some distance. Like many other thieves, he deeply resented any reflections upon his honesty, and when the owner of a particularly attractive pastel box had "shoo-ed" him away fiercely for the fourth time, he walked off with an air of the most virtuous scorn, loudly and contemptuously assuring her that her miserable pastels were not worth a moment's notice from him.

The most remarkable example of his hopeful intelligence occurred when one day a very old lady, to whom he had become attached, as she never tried to interfere with his movements, was braiding a straw basket. Jim flew to her knee and watched her work with profound attention, occasionally questioning her softly, and lifting the braids and the straws to examine them. Suddenly, he seemed to comprehend the situation. She was building a nest! Away he flew to the woods and out of sight, but very soon returned, proudly carrying a small stick. This he held out to her and gently urged upon her by pretty movements and coaxing notes. A bystander tried to take it, but he angrily resisted, calling names no gentleman likes to be called. Very gracefully and proudly he gave it to the old lady, however, chuckling and gurgling in his sweetest manner, and remaining to watch the disposition of his gift. When she laid it down, unused, he scolded mildly and again urged it upon her. But by and by he gave it up and went away, talking to himself, evidently saying, "What stupid nest builders these featherless bipeds are!"

Jim Crow's confidence in the good intentions of the human family increased. Though they might be too familiar with his person, and too fond of their own things, and their own ways, he must have felt that everyone regarded him as a friend. And without fear as a check to his curiosity, that quality grew apace. And at last these very things led to his untimely fate.

Two of those ardent young sportsmen who occasionally come out from the

city eager to "bag" something that has once been alive, to prove their prowsse to admiring friends, made their appearance one fall day, yearning for blood. It makes little difference to such, what they hunt, or where they shoot their "game." Jim's curiosity was strong, as he saw these strangers stealthily making their way through the fields. He went out to follow them in his usual manner, first keeping behind, they flying ahead. Their unfamiliar ways interested him; he alighted on a tree over their heads, to see what they would do next.

A little less thirst for gore, a modicum of common sense, and they would have known that this fearless, well kept bird was "somebody's darling," And that was the end of Jim's busy, happy, progressive life. It is needless to add that he was mourned by the entire village.

3210 *Summer St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

THE PRAIRIE HORNED LARK.

By Edgar Boyer.

One of the most interesting birds of this locality is the Prairie Horned Lark. He is one of our common species, and I have known him since my earliest boyhood rambles. In those days, when I had occasion to mention him in my note book, I designated him as the "Ground Sparrow." That was before I had ever seen a bird book. Bird literature was not as plentiful then, as now, and I found it necessary to invent names of my own for the birds, sometimes.

The Lark is a resident here. In the winter they roam about in flocks, flying rapidly across the sky high over head, and uttering as they go, a clear whistled "T-t-t-to-o-o." As spring comes on the male begins singing his little insect-like ground song. Sitting contentedly on a clod out in the field, heard, but not seen, he sings over, and over, "Tc, tc, tc, tc,-olc-o-le-tc."

I had the good fortune to find the home of a family of these little birds near my own home last summer. It was on a day in April—the 26th—that I was walking along a wire fence that separated a meadow from a freshly ploughed field. It was a typical April day. We had had a shower the night before and there was that pure, refreshing, buoyant quality in the air, such as we have only on an April day. The earth was soft, black and spongey, and little clumps of clover were appearing fresh and green, all over the meadow. In the sky Tree Swallows reveled, turning, wheeling, and darting after one another, and all making their way steadily northward.

It was on this morning that, as I walked along the fence, I flushed a male Lark. He seemed decidedly ill at ease and, as I watched him, I became aware of the presence of the female too. Where she came from, or how she

got there, I don't know, but she was there, and her unconcern seemed so affected, in such decided contrast to her spouse's evident nervousness, that I became suspicious. Retreating, as I had come, till I was at a safe distance, I watched them. She flitted lightly through the wire fence, alighting on the ground. He followed. He always followed her. For several minutes she ran about, half concealed among the clods, where she pretended to be eating. The male always kept his eyes on me, uttering every now and then, his ground song and constantly flitting here and there in a restless constrained manner. Once he even forgot himself so far as to alight on a fence post. It is seldom that they seek a higher perch than that offered by a clod. I had watched them for some time when the female flitted back into the pasture, where she alighted. After taking a very circuitious route she disappeared behind a clump of clover. When she did not reappear after a reasonable length of time I began to grow restless, myself. All this time the male was standing near her hiding place uneasily watching me. I walked forward to within four feet of her before I flushed her. I found a little hole freshly excavated. I have often wondered if the Lark excavated the hole for its nest, or appropriated a natural one. The evidence now before me showed that she dug the hole either with bill or claws, or more probably with both; the ground being moist and soft she could easily do it. The situation was on a hillside sloping to the east, and the surplus earth had all been placed on the lower side of the hole, whether to raise that side to a level with the upper, or just because it was easier to throw the dirt out on the lower side, I cannot say. The cavity sloped slightly back into the hillside, and was at the base of a clump of clover, which in a week shaded the nest from the sun.

I concluded the hole was just about the proper size and was not mistaken, for when I moved to my former place of observation, she immediately began lining it with grasses, all of which she secured within a radius of ten feet of the nest. She rarely took wing in fetching the material, but usually moved at a brisk walk or trot. As material was plentiful, the building of the nest progressed rapidly. The male did not assist her at any time. Instead, he watched me constantly. He had complete control of himself now, and neither moved nor uttered a sound. After watching them for some time I continued my walk. I returned to the nest again May 1st. As I approached, I heard the song of the male but could not locate him. I stepped up to within six feet of the nest before the female flew off. It contained two grayish eggs, heavily speckled with brown. As I inspected them the birds watched me silently from a distance. I came back again seven days later and found the nest empty. The birds were nowhere to be seen, but I could hear the distinct notes of several different males in the vicinitty. The nest

was a good one, well lined with soft grasses and beautifully cupped. It was about two and three-fourths inches in diameter, and one and three-fourths inches deep. I was very much disappointed. I had looked forward to the time when I might take a peep at the little ones. But, though I was disappointed here, I was more fortunate at another time.

On the 8th of June, while cultivating corn, I noticed that whenever I passed a certain place far out in the field, that a pair of Larks flew nervously about,or hovered in the air near me, frequently uttering a note that was as near a wail as I should think a bird capable of producing. I suspicioned that a nest of young birds were somewhere in the vicinity,an d kept a close lookout for them. And after a time I was rewarded, for in the row next me, I spied a young Lark just learning to fly. Just at an age where he had all the sprightliness of an adult bird, but with none of the fear for man that characterizes all adult birds. I could not resist catching him up. He sat confidingly on my hand and inspected me fearlessly. And in him I found a good example of protective coloration. His general appearance was gray, but closer inspection showed him to be black, above, mottled with buffy white and brown. Eyes and bill black. Throat grayish brown. His coloring just matched his surroundings, the brown, black and gray clods of the ploughed field.

The most interesting thing about the Lark is his flight song, or song of flight, rather, for the song, itself, is not impressive, in fact it could hardly be termed a song, but it is in the manner of its delivery that the interest lies. It seems that the inspiration that carries the little bird so forcibly toward heaven, would burst his little body.

I quote from my notes:

"Up, up, up, he mounts, by stages, at each stage poising his outspread wings to give utterance to a little jumble of notes, until reaching a dizzy height, where he is a mere speck in the blue, he describes circle after circle, all the while giving vent to a weak twittered warble that is scarcely audible to us so far below.

Suddenly, as we watch and listen, with strained eyes and ears, the notes cease, and with reckless abandon, he comes, like a meteor, straight down, down, down, until it seems that he will be dashed to death under the force of his drop.

But catching himself easily, with a graceful flitting of wings, and alighting in almost the exact spot from which he ascended, the little Lark runs modestly away, a brown and gray atom, lost in the brown and gray of the boundless prairie.

Kansas City, Mo.

"Oh! I've found the cutest secret
Where our Catbird loves to sit."

ESTHER'S SECRET.

By Isaac E. Hess.

O! I've found the cutest secret
  Where our catbird loves to sit;
No one knows 'bout it but me yet
  'Cause I just now 'scovered it.

Our two catbirds came here one day—
  O, my! how I wished they'd stay;
'En they did—until last Sunday,
  'Member then, one went away.

Hav'nt seen her since 'till just now,
  And I must'nt make her stir.
Was afraid old Tabby somehow
  Knew what had become of her.

Can you guess what she's been hiding,
  O, so cute with not a sign,
All this long time she's been biding
  In our honey-suckle vine?

Philo, Illinois.

Photo by F. R. Miller.

YOUNG PRAIRIE HORNED LARK.

THE COMING OF THE BIRDS.

HARRY C. FETTEROLF.

This is the season when the birds, which had gone south last autumn, are again going over that long, tiresome journey northward. Hour after hour, day after day, for many weeks in succession, numerous flocks of migrants swarm across the sky, while the oft repeated cries and signals float earthward by day and night, which tells us of their flight.

Most of the smaller tribes fly low, or at a medium height; some slowly, others more swiftly; while the larger and more daring, as the Wild Ducks and Geese, and various other large birds, fly as high and sometimes higher than the eye of man can reach. Probably these latter birds resorted to this mode of flying because of previous experiences with shotguns, which were being used for sporting or millinery purposes, and were constantly thinning their ranks.

WHY THE BIRDS MIGRATE.

There has been of late much discussion about the migration of birds. It is considered one of the greatest wonders and mysteries of nature. It may be readily believed that it is done rather to find a sufficient supply of food, than to seek warmer climates; for only those birds that are not able to live upon the scanty food that winter yields, do migrate; while those that can live almost wholly on nuts, seeds, worms and all kinds of insects, can spend the winter safely with us.

It is further evidence that in spring, when the ground is bare, they come north, where they are able to hunt their accustomed food. Even till late in the fall, hungry southbound migrants can be seen flitting about in the woods in quest of food, or picking at the remaining apples in our orchards. In the spring, they again stop for a hasty lunch, as they hurry on to their former homes in the northern states and Canada, there to spend the short summer in rearing their young, so that they, too, may be able to accompany them south next autumn.

SOME OF OUR WINTER BIRDS.

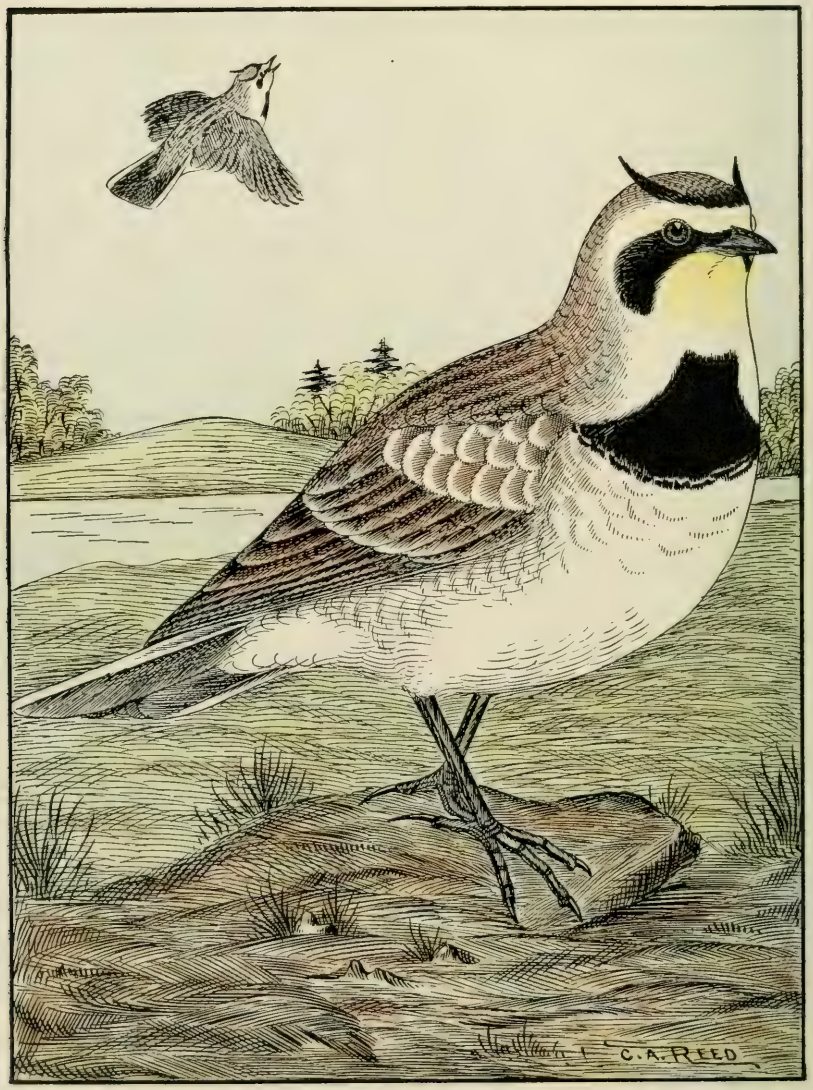
Before the birds have all left us in the fall, we begin to notice other strange birds which we have not seen since last spring. These are the winter birds, which teach us how to cheerily pass the dreary winter days.

Almost the first of the winter birds is the Chickadee or Black-capped Titmouse. He also wears a black necktie to match his black cap, and, attired in a gray suit, he looks real handsome as he jumps from limb to limb, oftimes hanging with his back downward, as he explores the under side of a limb for insect's eggs and larvae. It is also said to be a great destroyer of the canker-worm. It can be seen at almost any time throughout the winter, singing its jingling warble, and usually ending with its well-known notes, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

Another is the White-breasted Nuthatch, similar in size and color to the Chickadee, but lacking the black throat, which renders the latter so conspicuous as it jumps from bough to bough. The Nuthatch is easily identified by its peculiar motions around the trunk of a tree. It moves up and down a tree with perfect ease, as well as along the under side of a limb, sometimes giving a quick movement of the wings to save itself from a fall when it loses its grasp.

It makes a loud rapping noise with its bill as it tries to get at some insect that has secured itself beneath the bark of a tree. Nor is this the only way in which it procures its food. It is fond of small nuts, seeds, and other hard grains and sometimes flying to a corn-crib, will seize a kernel, and flying to a tree, will secure it like the former, in a slit of the bark, and thus being fixed, as it were, in a vise, will pick away at it to its heart's content, to get at the inside. The Nuthatch usually stays with us all summer, making a nest of grass, straw, etc., in a hole in a tree.

Another interesting, but less acrobatic bird is the Downy Woodpecker,



PRAIRIE HORNED LARK.

(Natural Size).

whose habits are as pleasing as those of the Nuthatch, although it moves in quite a different way down a tree, coming down backward, and not head foremost like the Nuthatch. The Downy is similar in color to its cousin, the Hairy Woodpecker, but what readily distinguishes the two is their size, the Hairy being more than twice the size of the Downy, and its note is also considerable louder.

The Hairy seldom leaves the woods in winter, yet it is quite as busy there, as the Downy is in our orchards and near our houses. These two species of Woodpeckers have a very acute voice, it being simply a short, sharp "twit," which accompanies their actions. Their only song is the same note rapidly repeated in a monotonous tone.

A rather shy winter bird is the Brown Creeper, which is about the size of a wren. Like the Woodpeckers and Nuthatches, it also hunts its food upon the trunks and limbs of trees, but unlike either of them, it only moves upward and downward; when it wishes to begin down again it simply flies down to the lower part of the same tree or to another one.

A few rare winter visitors are the Pine Grosbeaks and the Red-polls, which can only be seen here when the winter becomes too severe for them in Canada.

But two birds that are sure to be seen every winter are the Slate-colored Junco and the Snow Bunting. These birds seem to delight in the snow, as they frequently walk all over it, picking off the seeds attached to the stalks that rear themselves above the snow.

BIRDS THAT STAY WITH US THROUGOUT THE YEAR.

At the commencement of spring, most of the winter birds will leave for colder regions, not to be seen again until the beginning of next winter, but there are some that stay with us all the year.

The most intimate of these is the happy-go-lucky English Sparrow. It is the bird that will approach nearest to man, yet the least movement will alarm it and cause its instant flight. The Crow approaches near to us in winter, probably rendered bold by searching for food, while in autumn it leaves the woods only to go in nearby fields, where it can find plenty of food. In winter they collect in large flocks, sometimes half a mile long, passing from one place to the other in the evening and returning in the morning.

The familiar Downy Woodpecker, as well as his cousin, the Hairy, are also our constant companions. Certain species of Hawks and Owls remain here the entire year, but in summer they retire to the woods far from the abode of man. All these birds can be seen only occasionally during the winter, except the English Sparrow and the Crow, which can be seen every day.

OUR FIRST SPRING BIRDS.

As the winter wanes and the snow disappears from the ground, and the sun sends forth warm rays to warm up the earth, then the birds begin to appear. Some of them appear to be in a great hurry, stopping only for a hasty lunch to refresh themselves, as they hurry on to their favorite homes in the New England states or Canada, but a great number of them stay with us, and thus become our happy companions of the summer.

Usually our earliest arrival is the Bluebird. Indeed, none seems to be earlier than he. He often comes as early as the latter part of February or the first week of March, before the snow is fairly off the ground, and he is likely to be caught by the rude spring winds or in a belated blizzard; yet he seems not to care, for on his arrival he will warble his cheering well-known notes. Almost on time with the Bluebird, or only a few days later, comes the Song Sparrow, which, with the Bluebird, forms one of the two earliest and most enduring of songsters. The latter on his arrival, flits through the orchard, while the former more restlessly frequents the barnyard, and mingles with its Sparrow cousins.

A week later proclaims the arrival of that harbinger of spring, the Robin, which begins to give forth its chirping notes from the tops of our trees. On fine days in March, Downy will awake one morning to hear the voice of his cousin, the Flicker, as he sits on some dry resonant limb and drums away until a mate responds.

The sombre-clad Phoebe sits on some bridge pier, barn roof, or near last year's nest, calling to some mate, which he thinks may be near, yet she may be miles away; but in a few days she happily finds her lover seated by the bridge, and the reunion makes their hearts overflow with joy. Swallows fly above our barns, twittering and chattering all the while, and performing various aerial arcs, angles and circles. Flocks of Crow Blackbirds haunt our evergreens, wheezing and creaking away, as if discussing over suitable sites for their homes. Numerous flocks of Wild Ducks and Geese, high overhead, are moving swiftly to their natal regions in the far north.

SOME LATER ARRIVALS.

No doubt, for certain reasons of their own, some birds will not migrate northward in the early spring, but rather wait until the warm days of April and early May. In this season comes the chattering, ever inquisitive House Wren, which soon on its arrival, begins to investigate every nook and corner in search of some hole in a wall, tree, bird-box or other sheltered place. It will often dispute with the Sparrow over the possession of some coveted site, until at last victory crowns its efforts, then from its tiny throat it pours a song of triumph.

The Baltimore Oriole, carelessly swinging on some swaying limb, sings his mournful cadence time and again, while his mate hustles about upon the same tree, looking for a convenient nesting site. The Flycatchers arrive when the insects, their favorite food, are flying about in the sunshine, and flitting from limb to limb, they catch them with great dexterity.

The Red-winged Blackbirds flash patches of bright flame amidst the dark coloring of their plumage in our swamps, while the more sombre Marsh Wren, not near as noisy as her cousin, Jenny, haunts the same vicinity. The Thrushes and Catbirds are seen again in our woods and in a short time are courting their mates with the most musical of notes. The Indigo Bunting sits on some high limb and tunes forth his song of sadness.

With the coming of the Cedar Waxwings, which generally arrive late in the season, the migrations are about ended. Everywhere is activity, partners are being rapidly but carefully chosen, homes are made, and the bird's chief aim of life begins.

CANADIAN WARBLER.

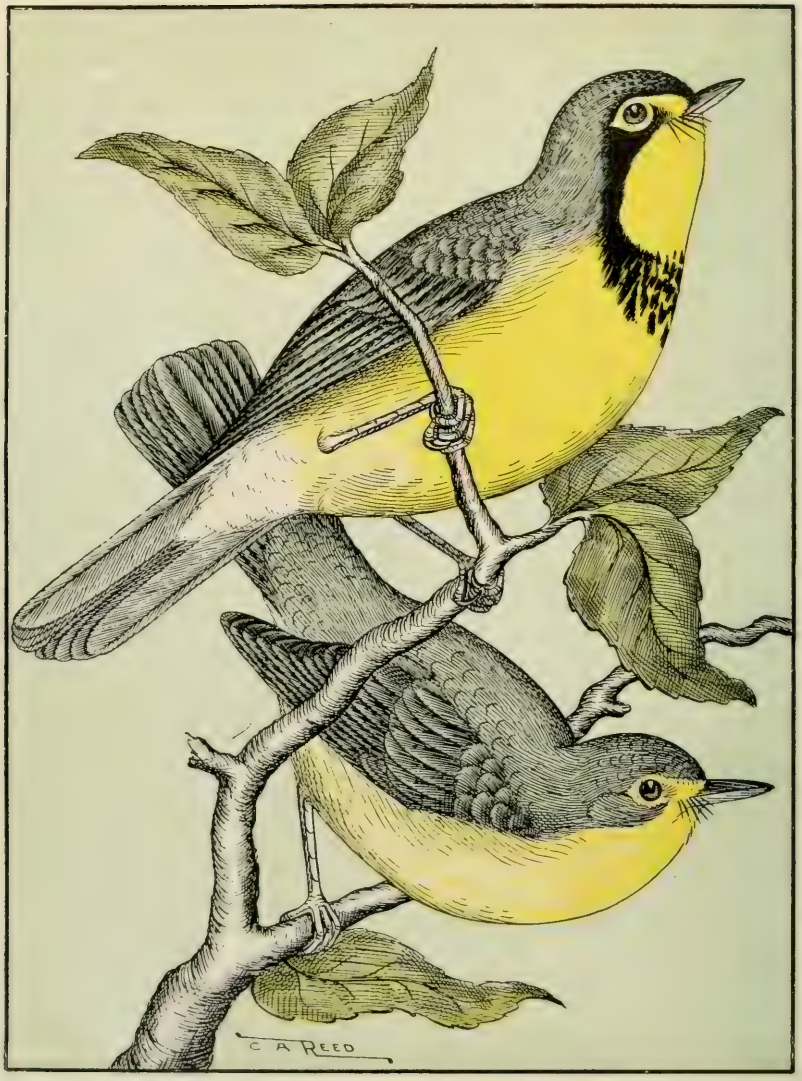
No. 686. *Wilsonia canadensis.* Length 5 1-2 in.

About the tenth of May, there appears in Massachusetts, and states of like latitude west of the Rocky Mountains, a beautiful little warbler with a bright yellow breast, a black patch at the side of the head and a necklace of black spots across the throat. This is the male Canadian Warbler; his mate is duller colored and often with no traces of black on the throat, but either sex can be identified in any plumage by the yellowish white eye ring, uniform bluish gray back, wings and tail, and yellowish underparts.

They are one of the most active of the warbler family and take great deligh in catching insects in the air; because of this habit they are often known as "Canadian Flycatching Warblers." They usually keep close to the ground and are always met with in the vicinity of water. They are not shy, but are very inquisitive and like to peer out at you from the underbrush. In company with a great many other varieties of warblers you will find these birds darting about among the fragrant apple blossoms in the spring; they catch myriads of insects that are always to be found about these flowers. They are at home among laurel and make a striking picture as they dash about among the beautiful blossoms.

Their notes are in perfect keeping with their dashing manner,—loud, ringing, gurgling warbles, reminding you of murmuring waters, the song most nearly resembling that of the Water Thrush. They are usually found most abundantly in just such places as you find these latter members of the warbler family, and they also nest in similar places.

I can always find them nesting in a certain laurel swamp near Worcester, but their nests are hard to find. They are built on the ground under the twisted laurel roots or in the moss at the bases of decayed stumps, often being so embedded in the moss that the eggs can only with difficulty be seen. The birds usually scold vigorously when you are in the vicinity of their homes but they are very careful not to disclose the hiding place of their treasures. If you remain in the vicinity and watch them, the female will finally apparently leave the neighborhood, but will soon come creeping carefully back along the ground, keeping every possible bit of shelter between her and yourself, until finally she settles upon her nest. It is only by keeping the closest watch upon her movements that you will be able to find the nest and you may consider yourself very fortunate if you do then. Their nests are made of fine rootlets and grasses lined with the finest of black rootlets or horsehair. The eggs are pure white with specks of reddish brown, most numerous about the large end and often forming a conspicuous wreath.



CANADIAN WARBLER.

(Male and female natural size).

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

Gladsome May is here, more charming than ever, and Dame Nature wears her prettiest gown, and the most delightful concerts are a daily occurrence. Examinations, promotions and graduations close at hand, fill the thoughts of many of our boys and girls, but you will be unable to resist the charm of home choosing and making among the birds, I am sure, and will spend many pleasant moments in watching the courtship and home building about you.

Will Robin come back to his old nest this year? Will the Wood Thrush, with the two extra notes to his song, return to the ravine? Shall we find the Maryland Yellowthroat nesting in the thicket near the great oak, and the pair of song sparrows which have not failed us for three summers, nest in the garden again?

We must take the time to greet these and many other returning friends, with the babies of last year who now match in size the veriest patriarch of them all.

We are glad to welcome and give our protection to each of them. Don't you think that Maryland Yellowthroat has too conservative a name? Surely some of the other states has as strong a claim on him as "My Maryland," and many of our ornithologists call him the Northern Yellowthroat, which seems to me a better name for him. What do you think about it?

Cordially your friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

Migration Queries.

1. *Migrants*—The warblers, vireos, thrushes, wrens, swallows, finches, buntings, sparrows, blackbirds, larks, and some others.

2. Migration occurs in the spring and fall, largely in April, May, September and October.

3. Some go, upon the approach of winter, to warm climates, to Florida, Central and South America, and to tropical islands; others come from their summer homes in the far north to spend the winter in the northern states.

4. Migration is governed partly by the food supply, largely by some instinct produced from food supply and other conditions among their ancestors centuries ago.

5. They possess a sense called orientation, the sense of direction, and are guided by outlines of rivers, large bodies of water, mountain ranges, lighthouses, etc.

6. In the spring the birds put on the perfect plumage, and are in the best voice, ready to court their mates. In the fall sober colors are assumed again, affording greater protection.

7. In the fall the songs become infrequent, the seed-eating cedar birds become flycatchers, the bobolink becomes the rice bird, and many birds change their habits with the passing of summer.

8. Migration is chiefly by night.

9. As a rule, they travel in large families, closely related families traveling together.

10. They often times return to the identical nest of the previous year.

11. Yes, the time of return rarely varies more than five or six days.

12. The Humming-bird, which travels 4,000miles to its summer home.

13. Danger of storms, fogs and birds of prey. Many lives are lost by the flying against the lighthouses in foggy times.

Double Beheadings.

1. Sparrow-arrow. 2. Thrasher-rasher. 3. Thrush-rush. 4. Robin-bin. 5. Quail-ail. 6. Pipit-it. 7. Loon-on. 8. Brant-ant. 9. Ibis-is. 10. Ani-I. 11. Pewee-wee.

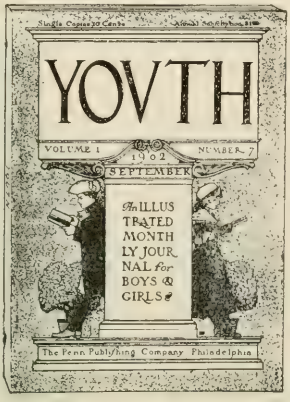
Gleanings.

The more things thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for thee the delight of living.

Lubke.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles D. Robinson, Waterville, Me.
Minnie L. Smith, Evansville, N. Y.



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American Ornithology

A Magazine Devoted Entirely to Birds.

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Change in Dates of Issue.

Commencing with this number, American Ornithology will be issued bi-monthly, that is every second month instead of monthly, as at present. This will not mean that the subscribers will lose anything, for on the contrary, they will be gainers, as the magazine will be increased in number of pages, and we expect that the editor will be enabled to give more attention to the preparation of each number. So remember that the next number of the bird magazine will be out August 1st, then October and December.

We have on hand some excellent material and beautiful illustrations for the coming numbers but we would like more short articles descriptive of unusual events in the bird world. If you see anything that interests you, write it up and send it to us; you may discover some new trait of bird life that no one has ever seen before.

For coloring the Tanager supplement in April magaine we have awarded prizes as follows: 1st., Miss Mary Ward, Oconto, Wis.; 2nd., Hugh Anderson, Goderich, Ontario; 3rd., Wellington Calvert, Markham, Ontario.

PASSENGER PIGEON.

(One-half nat. size.)

PASSENGER PIGEON; WILD PIGEON.

A. O. U. No. 315 **Ectopistes migratorius.** **Length 16 in.**

The beautiful Wild Pigeon is becoming one of the birds of the past. We now rarely see any items or stories about the birds for they are so scarce as to have been forgotten by all but ornithologists. The writer's personal experiences with these pigeons has been limited to two single birds seen in Worcester about 1885, and to several barrels of them from the west, seen in the Boston markets about the same time. To one who has never seen any considerable number, the stories that are told by our fathers and grand fathers are almost incredible. It is a fact much to be regretted, but, as far as we know, not a photograph is in existence showing any of the immense flocks or extensive nesting grounds that we are told of. Probably the best account and most reliable one of pigeon nesting is that contained in Bendire's work, given by a Mr. Stevens, a veteran pigeon-netter of Michigan. A large part of this account follows:

"The largest nesting that he (Mr. Stevens) ever visited was in 1876 or 1877. It began near Petosky, (Mich.), and extended northeast past Crooked Lake for 28 miles, averaging three or four miles wide. The birds arrived in two separate bodies, one directly from the south by land, the other following the east coast of Wisconsin, and crossing at Manitou Island. He saw the latter body come in from the lake at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It was a compact mass of pigeons, at least five miles long by one mile broad. The birds began building when the snow was twelve inches deep in the woods, although the fields were bare at the time. So rapidly did the colony extend its boundaries that it soon passed literally over and around the place where he was netting, although when he began, this point was several miles from the nearest nest. Nesting usually starts in deciduous woods, but during their progress the pigeons do not skip any kinds of trees they encounter. The Petosky nesting extended 8 miles through hardwood timber, then crossed a river bottom wooded with arbor-vitae, and thence stretched through white pine woods about twenty miles. For the entire distance of 28 miles every tree of any size had more or less nests in it and many trees were filled with them.

"Pigeons are very noisy when building. They make a sound resembling the croaking of wood frogs. Their combined clamor can be heard 4 or 5 miles away when the atmospheric conditions are favorable. Two eggs are generally laid, but many nests contain only one. Both birds incubate, the females between 2 o'clock p. m. and 9 or 10 o'clock the next morning. The males feed twice each day, namely, from daylight to about 8 o'clock, and again late in the afternoon. The females feed only during the forenoon.

The change is made with great regularity as to time, all the males being on the nests by 10 o'clock a. m.

"During the morning and evening no females are ever caught by the netters; during the forenoon no males. The sitting bird does not leave the nest until the bill of its incoming mate nearly touches its tail, the former slipping off as the latter takes its place.

"Thus, the eggs are constantly covered, and but few are ever thrown out despite the fragile character of the nests and the swaying of the trees in high winds. The old birds never feed in the vicinity of the nests, leaving all the beechmast, etc., there for their young. Many of them go 100 miles each day for food. Mr. Stevens is satisfied the pigeons continue laying and hatching duringthe entire summer. They do not, however, use the same nesting place twice in one season, the entire colony always moving from 20 to 100 miles after the appearance of each brood of young.

"Five weeks are consumed by a single nesting. Then the young are forced out of their nests by the old birds. One of the pigeons, usually the male, pushes the young off the nest by force. The latter struggles and squeals precisely like a tame squab, but is finally crowded out along the branch, and after further feebly resistance, flutters down to the ground. Three or four days elapse before it is able to fly well.

"At least five hundred men were engaged in netting pigeons during the great Petosky netting of 1881. Mr. Stevens thought they may have captured on an average, 20,000 birds apiece during the season. Sometimes two carloads were shipped south on the railroad each day. Nevertheless, he believed that not one bird in a thousand was taken."

And so, through the gluttony of mankind, these noble birds, like the Great Auk, have literally been swept from the face of the earth, it only being a question of a few years when the remaining few will have disappeared. Thousands of them were shot, but this was too expensive a method for their capture and it was found that by setting large nets worked with powerful springs, baiting them, and using live captive pigeons as an additional lure, hundreds of pigeons could readily be caught at a swoop. Others invaded their roosting places at night, and torch in hand, struck them down in their sleep, or while dazed by the light, with clubs. It is a shameful record but not less so than the warfare that is constantly waged on the Bob-white and the Prairie Hen for market purposes, and upon numerous song birds, herons, terns and grebes for the milliners.

As shown, the adult male Passenger Pigeon has a blue-gray head (including the chin) and upperparts, while the underparts are of a peculiar brownish hue, something like the color of a Robin's breast but with a bluish cast. The female is browner and duller above and paler colored below; young

birds are like the female but have numerous markings of blackish and buffy on the back.

Their nests are very shallow, frail platforms of twigs, similar to those of the Mourning Dove, but more shabby; the one or two eggs are pure white, larger and comparatively longer than those of the Mourning Dove. Individuals or small flocks of wild pigeons are reported most every year, but it is more than probable that over ninety per cent. of such reports are erroneous. They were reported in Oregon last summer, but investigation proved that the birds seen there were only Band-tailed Pigeons, which often occur there.

NESTING HABITS OF THYROTHORUS LUDOVICIANUS.

Wm. J. Mills.

The Carolina Wren exhibits great diversity of taste, both in its choice of location for a nesting site, and in the constructive material used. I have known instances where nests were built (1) between the logs of an old pine-log cabin, (2) under the projecting eaves of a barn, (3) on a ledge inside a barn, (4) in an old tin bucket hanging in an outhouse, (5) under fallen logs, (6) in old stumps, but in all probability the most novel site chosen by the wren or any other bird was under the tail of a sparrow hawk in process of mounting. The hawk was placed on a slight elevation, and in the space between the tail and the bottom of the case the nest was built. All the material used in its construction was found in the workshop wherein the nest was built, with the exception of a few feathers for lining material. It was constructed of dried grass, lichens, one piece of newspaper, tow, the fallen blooms of the Red oak, and lined with hair and feathers. Under the protection of the tail of this hawk, Madame Wren raised successfully two broods of 4 each and commenced on the third, but before the young were able to fly, I regret to say they were destroyed by a barn rat. The rat finally paid the penalty.

In other nests have been found the following constructive material:—dead oak leaves, the flower of the red and white oaks, pine needles, broom straw, or sedge grass, mid-ribs of oak leaves, shavings, with horse hair and feathers for lining. In two instances the outer portion of the nest was constructed entirely of fine straw.

A youngster who happened to be spying about my premises one day caught sight of two wren's nests and inquired why I didn't pull them English sparrow nests out o' there? The reason was duly explained and a caution administered for him not to molest them in any way, and he didn't.

THE MUSICAL WREN.

By Leander S. Keyser.

He has such a loud, clarion voice, with such a martial tone in it, that his song almost sounds like a call to arms, though I suspect that it is only an invitation for all the sleepy-heads to wake up, and all the pessimists to remember that life is worth living and that there is much good in the world. It really is a good thing for us morally, and in every other way, too, to have such a voice in nature as that of the Carolina wren. There are pensive songs in the bird realm, and they often fit our mood, but they do not cheer us. The Carolina is saying to all sad and brooding people, "Cheer up! Cheer up! The world is full of joy; come out doors and be happy!"

Are any of you interested in comparative ornithology? Well, I must tell you about wrens and wrens. Not all wrens are alike, and it is interesting to study the various species in different localities. In the neighborhood of Atchison, in Northeastern Kansas, the little house-wren was the house wren in truth. You could scarcely visit a country home without finding at least one pair at your elbow, and many of the houses in town where the residences were not too thick, had their pair of these wrens. Two pairs nested in my yard in the city, for I set up boxes for them. In that part of the country the Carolina wren is not a house wren, but prefers to dwell in the woods and other lonely places, where he hides his nests in the holes of logs and stumps. However, the house-wren takes the notion into his head to nest in wooded places, too, as well as about the houses.

In Colorado I did not find the Carolina at all, but the Western house-wren was often seen, though for the most part in out-of-the way places. Northeastern Arkansas and the Eastern border of Indian Territory are the home of the sweet-voiced Bewick's wrens, which in that region, are pre-eminently the wrens of the country and village homes, taking the place of the house-wren technically so called. In the Gulf States that I have visited, both the northern and southern parts, I found the Carolina wren a tenant of the woods, seldom, if ever, making so bold as to set up his household goods in the close neighborhood of human residences.

I lived in Springfield, Ohio, a number of years. You will notice that it is located southwest of the center of the state. There Bewick's wren was a house bird, his sweet aria ringing around almost every rural home, and also in the suburbs of the city. I never found more than one house-wren in that vicinity, so far as I can recall, and he had taken up residence in an old orchard quite a distance from any house. The Carolinas of that locality avoid-

ed the houses almost entirely, and "took to the woods" in a literal sense. April of 1903 found me in Northern Indiana for a brief stay. In the village of Middlebury I was surprised to hear the dulcet air of Bewick's wren —surprised because I did not suppose he ever went so far north. When I went over to the city of Elkhart—fourteen miles from Middlebury—I missed Bewick's wren altogether, and listened to the gurgling song of the house-wren, and that a block or two in from the suburbs. Why this difference is wren preferences in the two places?

You will be interested in knowing about the wren status here in Eastern Ohio, while I have taken off my hat for a while and am at home among the birds. Here everything is different, wren-wise. I have never seen or heard Bewick's wren in this part of the state, and only once have I heard the song of the house-wren. This was in New Philadelphia. But the Carolina wren is here, and here in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most exacting student of his habits.

Having the whole country to himself, so far as wrens are concerned, the Carolina's manners differ here from his ways in every other place I have ever known him. Here he is the house-wren, and the only house wren we have. He likes human society. A country home where there is an old barn or other old building fills his palpitating heart with delight; and he does not fight shy of the town, either, but blows his Huon's horn as unafraid as if no "humans" were near, builds his nests in all sorts of pockets and crevices, and rears the little wrens in the way such pretty little children ought to go.

It is useless to ask why the Carolinas are house wrens here and woodland birds in other parts of the country. However, you will also find these wrens in solitary places about here, often in the depths of the woods, or in the sequested hollows, or on the bushy hillsides. Wherever he is found he is the same cheery, clear-voiced little body. Do you ask why some Carolinas prefer town while others prefer the country? You might as well ask why people differ in the same way. Nature is wise and provident, knowing that these insect-eating birds are needed both in the city and the country; also about country homes and in the sylvan depths.

I used to give the palm for constancy in singing to the song sparrow, but I must take the honors from him and give them to the Carolina wren, for all through the severe winter of 1903-04, the song sparrows were silent, while my hardy wren regaled us with song on many a day. A friend heard a Carolina sing on the morning of our coldest day—January 4th—when the mercury in our thermometers registered from twenty to twenty-five degrees below zero. Why, Carolina is a regular Viking. All through the spring, summer and autumn I listened to his songs, and when winter set in, he kept up his rehearsals, so that I have heard him singing every month of the year.

Best of all, his voice does not become rusty and squeaky out of the usual song season. In the coldest weather it sounds strong and cheery, and the articulation is almost, perhaps quite, as distinct as in the vernal time of song. Even when our bird is moulting he sings as loudly and clearly as when he is in the best of feather. I doubt whether this can be said of any other bird in the United States, unless it is the water-ouzel of the Rockies and Sierras. Do not understand me to say that the Carolina sings as often in the autumn and winter as in the spring, yet he does sing quite often even then, and when he breaks into song, his tones are as strong and clear as at any other time. So far as I am able to tell, he sings all his tunes in the winter; and you and I know that he has quite a repertory.

Yet there are some people who cannot appreciate Carolina's stirring songs. One day while I was sitting at luncheon with some friends, one of these birds burst into a loud aria, which came through the open door. "Listen to the song of that wren!" I cried, with not a little fervor. "Do you call that a song?" asked Mrs. Nonappreciative, who was sitting at the table. The idea that any one should question the musical quality of Carolina's voice! Why not ask whether Nordica ever sang?

A few days later I was delighted with some other people. We were playing a game of croquet, when suddenly every mallet was held poised in air on account of a ringing bird song close at hand. Every player stood spellbound. "What bird is it?" all of them exclaimed in great excitement. "The Carolina wren," I explained. "There it is on the edge of the roof." And the accommodating little feathered artist stood there while we watched him, and gave us several of his choicest selections.

"Oh! isn't it sweet?" cried one of the ladies. "It's thrilling!" another declared. "It made me thing of Roderick Dhu calling his clans to arms!" said one of the gentlemen, who was well read in Scott. "It is a genuine bugle call."

That is the kind of people the naturalist dotes on—people who have a nice ear for nature's music.

THE CAROLINA WREN.

By Emma E. Laughlin.

The songster of these frosty winter mornings and days is the saucy little Carolina Wren. He begins the day with a cheery note, and later bursts into an ecstacy of song. No bird-song can equal his in pure, bubbling, rippling melody. At no season of the year is he quiet. His song may be heard during any month of the year, and his vivacity is not affected by weather. I have heard him singing during a rain shower in the summer, and in zero weather in the winter. Occasionally, in extremely cold weather in this latitude (40 degrees), a Carolina Wren will be found frozen to death, but as a rule he is hardy enough to withstand the cold.

One spring, in May, I watched a pair of Carolina wrens for several weeks. They had made a nest inside a wash-house, just over the door. Instead of going to the nest through the door, which was nearly always open, they went in through a broken pane in the window, or through a small hole just under the roof. Occassionally the little brown mother bird went in through the door, but her mate never entered that way.

When I first began to watch them, the female was sitting and so was rarely seen. Her mate would begin to sing very early in the morning, and would sing all day, getting quite hilarious by four o'clock in the afternoon. When ready to sing he would drop his tail, stand up very straight and open his mouth wide. With one look at the sky his inspiration would come, and then the air would be filled with clear, entrancing music. His favorite perch was on the comb of the roof near his roof entrance, but he was too restless to stay there long at a time. An ash tree nearby and a young maple were also popular perches. A porch which was nearly always occupied by people was not ten feet from the ash tree. Occasionally he would drop down to a grindstone, not far away, or to the pump, and play hide-and-seek with us, only there was no seeking on our part, for he would be sure to peep around every minute to see what we were doing.

One day tiny lives began to stir in the nest and then there were busy times. The mother wren darted out and in quietly, like a little brown mouse. Not so did Mr. Wren. He became livelier than ever. He was a good worker but stopped often to express his happiness in song. Sometimes he would sing "*wheetle-chew, wheetle-chew,*" with the falling inflection until he would become so excited the song would be changed to "*chew-wheetle, chew-wheetle,*" repeated rapidly several times with the rising inflection. Then he would suddenly remember his fatherly cares and dart away, to re-

Photo by H. K. Murray.
NEST AND EGGS OF CAROLINA WREN; BUILT ON A WINDOW SILL.

turn in a minute with a delicious morsel for the nestlings. After a moment's rest he would be on his roof perch again, and this time, perhaps, the song would be *"sweetliard, sweetliard"* with the rising inflection. Nearly every day I would think I heard a new bird song, only to find on investigation that the Carolina wren was the singer.

Woe be to any bird which approached his nest after the birdies came! He was there like a flash, scolding in characteristic wren-fashion, for his temper is very short indeed. Even a brown thrush, as large as he is, had to fly before the furious attack of the wren.

One day the wrens were seen carrying grass and straws to their nest. Knowing of the little birds, I thought they could not be building a new nest, and I was curious to know what they could be doing with this material. Procuring a ladder, I climbed to the nest amid the serious and oft repeated protests of the owners. I found that the young birds, five in number, were getting to be too large for the nest, and so the old birds were building a sec-

ond story to their dwelling—that is, they were enlarging the rim of the nest. When completed, it was nearly three times as large as the original nest had been.

One morning, soon after this, I was awakened by a great commotion among the wrens. Hurrying out, I found the five small wrens on the ground. I have often wondered whether they left the nest of their own accord or were pushed out by the old birds. There had been a rain in the night and everything was very wet. I thought it was really a very bad morning for the youngsters to make their entrance into the outside world. If the old wrens pushed them out, they certainly showed a lack of the good bird sense they are usually accredited with.

The old birds chattered and scolded, and coaxed the young ones to fly, but were compelled finally to feed their babies there on the ground. By noon they had been coaxed to the grindstone, a few feet away. That evening they managed to get into a low tree, and the next morning they were gone. We missed the cheery singer and sometimes heard him in the distance, where we supposed he was bringing up his family according to strict bird rules.

In December of that year, I went back to that delightful country home for a few days. The morning after my arrival a Carolina wren was singing on the very spot on the roof where I had seen one so often in May. I am sure he was the same bird.

Photo by E. C. Lambert.

NEST OF BROWN THRASHER.

THE BIRDS OF GODFREY RESERVATION.

By A. A. Ringwalt.

Nature knows no law of man,
But roots and climbs where'er it can,
And thus its myriad forms are sent
In pesterous, sweetest lavishment.
So now, where once the Indian basked
And forests yielded all he asked,
The many birds by creation given
Have installed on earth a part of heaven.
Here rabbits find some safe retreat
From baying hounds in pursuit more fleet;
Here the woodchuck burrows beneath the mound
And fashions his castle under ground;
Here the mink steals silently out, then in,
To save from the hunter his precious skin.
Man surely cannot help imbibe
This spirit of the feathered tribe,
Where hawks sail past on silent wing;
Where owls hoot and nest in spring;
Where blue jays clamor the whole year round,
And where the Robin's nest is found;
Where woodpeckers bore in the trees and stubs
And build their nests and feed on grubs;
Where juncos frolic in March winds gay
Ere they fly for the woods of Canada;
Where warblers glean from tender leaves;
Where the nuthatch to the gum tree cleaves,
And probes with pointed bill the sheath
To rouse some insect housed beneath;
Where catbirds build their nest and sing;
Where long is heard the clarion ring
Of the wood thrush, bell-bird of the shade,
Wherein a mud-walled nest is made
In the fork, perhaps of a maple tree,
And of which all with exclaim with me,

How appropriate the place select,
And how robin-like the architect!
Where footmen, as they trod along,
Will pause to hear the veery's song;
Where city folks in wonder hush
And pause to hear the hermit thrush;
Where in friendly frolic you will often see
The titmouse gay and the chickadee;
Where the bluebird, harbinger of springtime, starts
The cheery welcome of our hearts;
Where the thrasher loud his notes prolong,
While the waxwing lisps the faintest song;
Where sparrows all in brown coats dressed
Are with the sweetest song notes blessed;
And where, safe anchored to a limb,
So frail and yielding, long and slim,
Hangs suspended from the shrike
The vireo's nest so basket-like;
Where the chewink scratches among the leaves
And where the dove his love song grieves;
Where the phoebe all his tribe will bring
To catch their food upon the wing;
Where one can hear, by careless hark,
The horned and the meadow lark;
Where the goldfinch, kinglet, indigo
All their brightest plumage show;
Where grosbeaks, rose, and cardinal too,
And the gnatcatcher dressed in gray and blue
Show their varied, keen delights
In selecting nesting sites;
Where blackbirds nest and orioles pair;
Where swifts and swallows sail the air;
Where oft is seen, but seldom heard,
Our ruby-throated humming-bird;
Where the careful listener often hears
Jenny wrens and tanagers;
All by their gladsome ways and glee
Aid in this bird-land minstrelsy.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

A WREN FAMILY.

By Ernest Seeman.

On May 8, 1902, at 5:00 a. m., a pair of Great Carolina wrens began building their nest on our front porch. The nesting site was a very peculiar one. In a flower pot, five feet from the front door, was planted a fern-like plant, with long, hanging leaves. Between this pot and the side of the porch the birds built . After eleven days of hard work the female began sitting on five eggs. Fifteen days from the time she began sitting, every egg hatched except one, which proved to be unfertile. While the female wren was sitting, I witnessed the most untiring devotion towards her by the male, that I have ever seen or heard of. He was up before sunrise every morning, sing-

Photo by W. F. Smith.

Young Brown Thrashers.

ing to, or feeding his mate. The following extract from my journal of May 31, shows how hard he worked:

"From 1:50 p. m. to 3:50 p. m. he fed as follows: In first twenty minutes, four times; next twenty-five minutes, fed three times; during the next hour and fifteen minutes he rested. Then he began feeding again, and fed until nightfall."

When the young were hatched, the birds still showed this spirit of devotion towards them. One evening at 9:00 o'clock, our family were sitting on the porch and for some reason a lamp was burning. All of a sudden, the female wren flew toward her nest, out of the darkness, and was blinded by the light. She perched on the window shutters near by, and we saw to our astonishment that she was still feeding her young at this hour, having a long worm in her mouth. I promptly blew out the light and she flew away

Photo by C. A. Reed.

THRASHER ABOUT TO FEED HER LITTLE ONES WITH A LARGE SPIDER.

to her treasures. Ten days later the parent birds began teaching the young to fly. She would go a little ahead and call to them, but they were afraid at first. The first attempt of one of the young wrens at singing was ludicrous. He started off fairly well with a tea-kettle, tea-kettle, but lost his voice and ended in a rapid trill. I have seen this family of wrens many times since, as they are loath to leave their old home.

The following is an examination of the nest: Feathers, 65; hair from horse's tail, 70 (longest 16 inches); excelsior, 18; grass, 40; string, 4 longest 18 inches); onion skin, 3; rootlets, 17; leaves, 30; pieces of rag, 5; remainder corn silk and moss.

THE OLD OWL'S NEST.

By Winfield Catlin.

Situated two miles north of Annapolis, Ind., is a cliff on Roaring Creek, which is a nesting site of the Great Horned Owl that has been used for years and years. The oldest citizens of the community can recall when in their boyhood they visited the "Old Owl's Nest," to get a peep at the queer little snow white babies, for the young owls are covered with a snow white down until they are pretty good sized children.

Whether the same pair of birds occupy this nest year after year is unknown, for occasionally a neighboring farmer is known to kill a "bubo" in this vicinity for alleged depredations on his treasured Plymouth Rocks. And sometimes, no doubt, his suspicions were well founded, but in my experience I have seldom found the remains of poultry in the nest of Bubo virginianus, and the breeding season is certainly the time to study the gastronomical habits of one of our most powerful raptores. I have most frequently found the remains of rabbits, skunks, squirrels and occasionally a Ruffed Grouse.

There never has been a season in my many years of bird study here that this above mentioned nest has not been occupied by a pair of Great Horned Owls. I have not immediate access to the many notes that I have on this "Owl Nest" but I can recall many of them.

The cliff in which the nest is located faces the south and, therefore, is shielded from the cold, cutting winds and reaps the advantage to be derived from the warmth of a pale winter sun. The nest was in a niche in the cliff about fifty feet from the ground, and could be reached only by climbing up

the cliff to the ledge beneath the nest and then climbing up a pole that was placed on this ledge so as to reach the narrow shelf in front of the small nesting cave. The first set of eggs is usually laid from about January 20th to the middle of February, governed by the conditions of the weather.

Two eggs were deposited in the nest last season between Jan. 16th and Feb. 2nd. I visited the nest in March and it contained one young Owl; from appearances I think that one of the young had been taken by some one.

Photo by E. C. Lambert.

WATCHING HER LITTLE ONES THAT HAVE JUST HATCHED.

This nest has been robbed regularly for about a dozen years as often as the collecting season comes around, and the faithful old Owl has invariably deposited a second set, and in nearly every instance that this has been taken, a third also; generally the first two sets have been of three eggs each and the last of two, making eight eggs that the old owl has frequently laid in a season. Several years ago when I commenced to really take an interest in bird study, I read a query, asking which had the deeper voice, a male or female Horned Owl. One moonlight night I went to this cliff and watched and lis-

tened to them as they sat in the top of a great white oak or flitted silently overhead. Occasionally, one I took to be the female, would go into the little cave. They did not appear to notice me and "who-whoed" to their heart's content, and I decided that the female had a slightly louder and deeper voice than her mate. This season I made upward of thirty trips to the nest and learned that although they are nocturnal birds, they sometimes lay their eggs in the daytime. This egg was laid at about nine in the morning; at the end of two weeks no more had been laid, and I took this and put in its place an egg of a Red Leghorn. I visited the place daily, but on the third day, for some reason, she quit the nest and gave up the poultry business. On one occasion after the second set had been taken from this nest, she laid a third set in an old Red-tailed Hawk nest, seventy-eight feet from the ground in an old sycamore about three hundred yards up the creek from the nest in the cliff.

If I remember correctly the eggs were usually deposited at intervals of from two to five days, and incubation was irregular in them, one little owl appearing several days previous to his brothers or sisters. The old nest was on sandstone and contained gravel, dirt, bones, etc., the natural accumulation of years of owl occupancy.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS—:

Again let me urge you to take notes about the birds you meet. the dates, their peculiarities. (each bird has its own. as surely as the "featherless bipeds"), their habits. their associates. their songs and calls. nesting habits. the plumage of the young and immature birds. etc. I promise you that you will have a good time in comparing your records from year to year: you will know—to a day—when to expect the return of each bird friend in the spring—and if carefully made your notes will be of value in many ways.

One of my companions on a ramble the other day. said he had not *yet* begun his bird list for this year. I suppose he will make it all at once at the end of the season. Do you suppose it will be of a great deal of value then? Let us follow the advice of old Capt. Cuttle—"When found. make a note of."

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead three times a quaker-like bird and leave a portion of its body.

2. Behead three time a bird dreaded by smaller birds. and leave a boy's nickname.

3. Behead three times a winter visitor from the north and leave our relatives.

4. Behead three times a bird of the swallow tribe. and have a common metal.

5. Behead three times a cheery songster and leave a small rodent.

6. Behead three times the reed bird and leave an exclamation and a part of a chain.

7. Behead three times one of the largest warblers and leave a consonant.

8. Behead three times the ground robin and leave a swift movement of the eyelids.

9. Behead three times a black and white bird (of California), and leave what most boys like to eat.

10. Behead three times a common sweet singer of the south and leave a flycatcher.

11. Behead three times a bird which creeps up and down tree trunks, and leave what eggs do under certain conditions.

12. Behead three times a very common bird, and leave a preposition.

THE BLUE JAY.

The Blue Jay is a beautiful bird with his blue cap tied lightly under his chin with a black ribbon.

The Blue Jay is often condemned for robbing small birds' nests and eating young birds. They may do so occasionally but I don't believe they do it very often. A great many Blue Jays are around here, also many other kinds of birds, and I have never seen them rob a bird's nest.

One day we saw a Jay in the top of a plum tree and watched him to see what he was about, to know whether he was eating fruit or not, for many would say he was a thief and blame him without knowing. We watched carefully and saw him eating tent caterpillars. The tree was nearly covered with their webs and soon would have been killed. The Jays continued eating until every one was gone, and so saved the tree.

One day we saw a Blue Jay in a corn field, picking at an ear of corn. We had our opera glasses with us, so we watched him through them and saw him pull a worm out and eat it.

I once saw a Blue Jay carrying a paper bag, blown up, as I suppose, with air, to his nest. I often wondered what he wanted with it.

I have seen a Blue Jay, when he discovered a snake, call till he collected a flock of Blue Jays and then they would kill it together.

Blue Jays become quite tame when they are fed around the house. We have fed them here all winter on our bird shelf. They eat nuts, suet, and bread crumbs.

I put out some suet one morning and cut it hurriedly, and most of it was caught together by the skin. A Jay came and stuffed all he could of the small pieces, then took up the piece and flew away to eat it.

A pair of Jays have started a nest just in front of our bedroom window

on the limb of a peach tree, where the honey-suckle loops over and makes a bower over the nest. A pair nested two summers ago in the rafters of our old barn. It seemed such a strange place for them to build.

"Something glorious, something gay,
Flits and flashes this-a-way!
Thwart the hemlock's dusky shade,
Rich in color, full displayed,
Swiftly vivid as a flame—
Blue as heaven and white as snow—
Doth this lovely creature go.
What may be his dainty name?
'Only this,—the people say—
'Saucy, chattering, scolding Jay.' "

MARY VREDENBURG BARRY (age 13).
Columbus, Ky.

GLEANINGS.

By the fountain, I see her spring into sight;
Her texture is frail, as though shivering with fright.
To the water she shrinks, I can scarcely discern
In the deep humid shadows, the soft lady fern.
Where the water is pouring, forever she sits;
And beside her the Ouzel, the Kingfisher flits:
There supreme in her beauty, beside the full urn,
In the shade of the rock, stands the tall lady fern.

EDWIN LEES.

INDIANS, WITCHES, AND MARTHA MATILDA'S WIG.

John Eagle-feather was on the war-path. Beneath the tall ash by the brook, in a thicket of elders, willows and spice-bush, was the Indian encampment.

To be sure, there was but one tiny tent to be seen, and its canvas covering looked very much like the old sheet which but yesterday had served for a sail to a proud vessel (made of old boards) which sailed the deep, blue—brook; the totem pole before the doorway bore a strong resemblance to an old bedpost, although covered with strange hieroglyphics. With the help of sister's paint box, some eagle feathers—saved from the Thanksgiving turkey—and a dilapidated couch cover of gay colors, Johnny Blake had become a fierce Indian brave.

His sister Dorothy, arrayed in her scarlet bathrobe and a bead necklace,

Photo by C. A. Reed.

THRASHER FEEDING HER YOUNG.

her black hair flying in the wind, made an attractive Pocahontas, and had for the fifth time that afternoon risked life to save John Smith from the tin tomahawk of a bloodthirsty savage.

John Eagle-feather was tired, and, I am afraid, a bit cross, so when Dorothy came into camp riding upon a broomstick, and claimed the black kettle which swung from three crossed sticks, for a witch's caldron, his voice became as harsh as that of a bird clad all in grey, which called to them from the alders Nay! N-a-r-y! as he refused to play anything but Indian.

A Maryland Yellow-throat on a grape vine swing, looked out through his black spectacles and tried to plead Dorothy's cause, calling, witch-ery! witch-ery! witch-ery! But the disagreement lasted till it became a quarrel, and Dorothy sought the hammock and her favorite book, and John was left to play by himself.

He found it pretty dull, and soon sallied forth on a scalping expedition. He peeped around the corner and saw that his sister was still lost in the adventures of "Five Little Peppers," then slipped away to the playroom where

three dolls lay in a row upon a couch. With a wild whoop Johnny Eagle-feather executed a war dance, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the scalp of poor Claribel hung at his belt, not alas, an unusual event in her life.

The next one of the Palefaces was Lucy, the best-beloved doll, but as her head was but cloth with painted hair, he passed to Matilda Maude. She came only the Christmas before, and her curly locks were well fastened on.

Dare he do it? Rip! Crash! It was all over, and away rushed Chief Eagle-feather bearing two scalps at his belt.

It was not until bedtime that Dorothy discovered the sad fate that had come upon her doll family.

Claribel's brown tresses were soon found dangling from a small boy's belt, and a bit of glue made her as good as new, but the curly locks of Matilda Maude were nowhere to be found, though John joined diligently in the search. Her little mamma was obliged to make a lace cap to cover the bald pate until John, by picking berries, earned enough to buy her a new flaxen wig.

Summer passed, and autumn, the winter came and went, the incident of the Indian raid was nearly forgotten. One bright spring day as the children were playing hide and seek, one of them spied a deserted nest in the tangle by the brook, which held some curious object interwoven amid its grasses and barks.

Here was witch-ery indeed, for the hollow which the breast of the mother bird had shaped for her four speckled eggs had for a soft lining—Matilda Maude's yellow curls.

What a curious pillow for Madam Yellowthroat's babies! John and Dorothy placed the nest carefully back among the bushes, and are now watching to see if the mother bird comes back to use the same cradle for another brood. Matilda Maude's china blue eyes stare calmly out beneath her new curls and she does not utter one word against it.

Numerical Enigma.

7-8-9—an affirmative.
2-3-4-5—a musical stringed instrument.
1-2-3-3-4-9—something used in cutting.
9-2-8-8-5—Some of Bopeep's flock.
5-8-3-4-9—fruit.
4-8-3-5—what farmers do in harvest.
2-3-5-5-7—what you should make, "the other fellow."
5-3-4-6—To cut off the skin of a fruit.
2-6-3-5—a pile.

5-8-8-4—to look closely.
9-3-4-3-2—a girl's name.
2-3-4-4-7—a boy's name.
5-3-9-9—to go by.
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9—a great help to nature-lovers.

Some Pi Enjoyed by Birds.

1. Tues. 2. Stunape. 3. Deess. 4. Seerrib. 5. Seat rap lirel. 6. Sormw. 7. Strickee. 8. Rancos. 9. Tans. 10. Weart. 11. Gubs. 12. Brugs.

THE BUILDERS.

By G. W. Vandegrift.

I have watched the birds in springtime
  Building along the way;
From their hearts a song of joyance
  Flooded the golden day.
I have watched men toiling, toiling,
  A silent, listless throng;
In their hearts there dwelt no gladness,
  From their lips there fell no song.
We have wandered like truant children
  Deep into the ways of strife;
Let us build as the birds are building,
  Singing gladness into life.

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VOL. VI **JULY & AUGUST, 1906.** **NO. 7**

The following three showed the most skill in coloring the Bob-white supplement: 1st., Owen Brown, Huntsville, Texas; 2nd., John P. Bishop, Charlestown, W. Va.; 3rd., Raymond Harper, Mansfield Depot, Conn.

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By Wesley Currier.

KINGBIRD ON NEST.

FLYCATCHERS OF THE GENUS TYRANNUS.

The Kingbirds are represented in North America by five different species of which but two, the common Kingbird and the Gray Kingbird, are regularly found east of the Mississippi; one other, the Arkansas Kingbird, has been taken several times in the east where it had accidentally strayed.

The common KINGBIRD, Tyrannus tyrannus (No. 444), is very abundant east of the Mississippi River and is found west to the Rocky Mountains. The name tyrannus is given to birds of this genus because of their so-called tyrannical habits. However, they are not tyrannical in the ordinary sense of the word for they rarely or never bully or drive away birds smaller than themselves, but confine their attentions to birds of prey and other injurious birds larger than themselves.

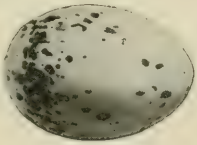
The first week in April these black and white-coated Kingbirds reach the southern boundary of the United States from South America, where they pass the winter. They slowly travel northward reaching the northern states about the second week in May, and the extreme northern part of their range, which is Southern Labrador and Saskatchewan, about the last of May. They frequent open country, usually in the immediate vicinity of water, and never are found in dense woods. They are friends of the farmers and one or two pairs will always be found nesting in his orchards. A man can have no better tenants on his land than these birds and most farmers realize it. They are one of the most persistent and tireless-insect catchers, these creatures furnishing their staple article of diet. Like all flycatchers they catch the greater part of their food when in flight, dashing after it with great speed, and returning to their perch with short, fluttering wing-beats, and rapidly uttering their sharp, penetrating "tseep-tseep———" as though exulting in their capture. Besides reducing the horde of insects that is ever present, they render good service to the farmer by driving away hawks, owls, crows and jays. The size of an adversary makes no difference to them; they will attack an Eagle or a Red-tailed Hawk with the same spirit that they do the little Sharp-shinned Hawk or Blue Jay. It is evident that all hawks do not look alike to them for they do not include Ospreys or Fish Hawks as enemies, and only this summer I found a nest of an Osprey containing young, with one adult sitting on the edge of the nest and the other on a dead limb within four feet of it, while in one of the crevices of the nest and almost within reach of the male Osprey sat a Kingbird on her nest containing four eggs.

I recall an incident that I saw many years ago when eagles were not as uncommon in Rhode Island as they now are. A pair of Kingbirds saw a Bald Eagle approaching and sallied forth to meet him when he was about

a quarter of a mile away; poising above him, one after the other would dash down and strike him on the back. I do not know whether they pecked him or pulled his feathers, but at any rate they made the old fellow very uncomfortable, and every few minutes he would cease circling and turning on his back, in mid-air, extend his feet towards his tormentors to warn them off, but they kept at him until he had passed over the house and gone about a quarter of a mile beyond. If an eagle's path through life is often as thorny as was that of the above mentioned bird in traversing the half mile that I watched, I am sorry for them.

I have also seen Kingbirds attack and drive away from the vicinity of the nests, grackles, red and gray squirrels and, on one occasion, I saw a pair of Kingbirds attack and kill a black snake about four feet long, that was climbing in some bushes within a few feet of their nest; when I looked at the reptile after they had got through with him, his head and neck had been pounded and pecked to a jelly.

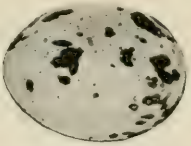
Possibly it is the little gold and orange crown patch that seems to give these birds an air of royalty, and certainly you always find them in the most commanding positions, whether it be on the top twig of an apple tree, on a



Egg of Kingbird.

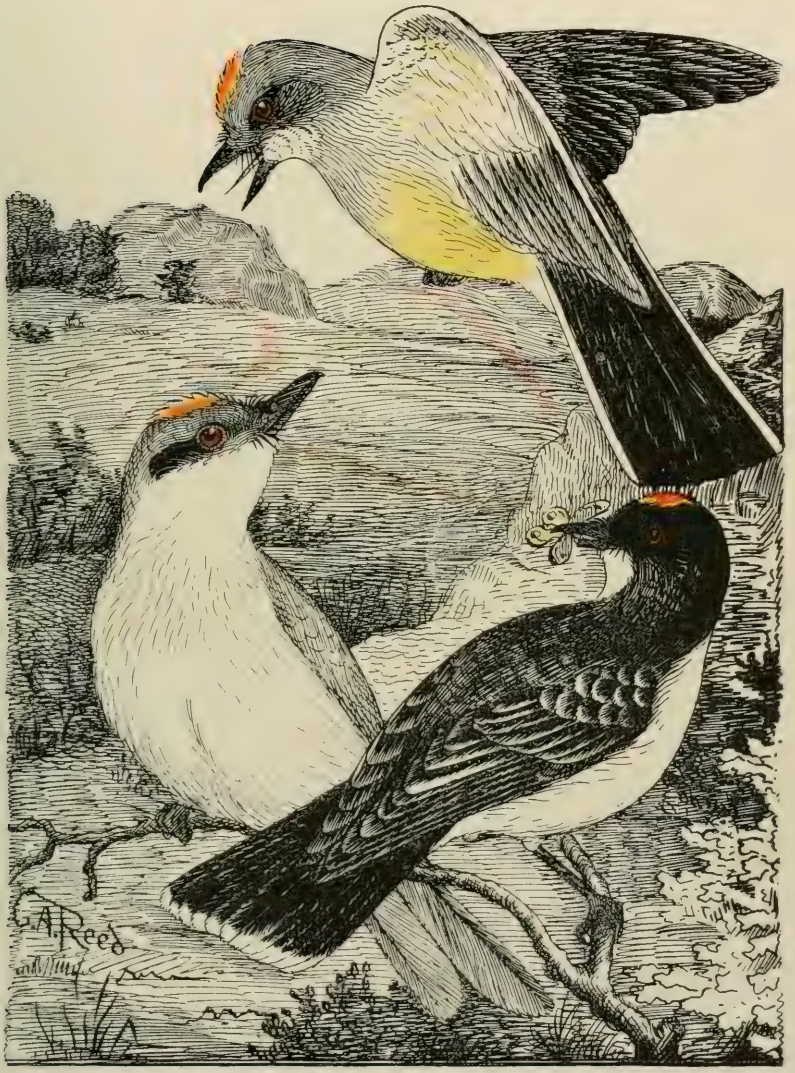
fence post, or only on the top of a weed in the meadow or pasture. Each bird has his regular round of lookout perches, from which he dashes after his food, and usually becomes very angry if any other bird makes use of any one of them. Their nests are quite bulky but substantially made by quilting together grass, weeds, fiber and wool, and lining it with fine grasses and feathers; they often have a very ragged appearance on the outside and may have rags or paper incorporated in their make-up, but they are always firmly built and securely attached to their support which may be an upright fork or a horizontal bough. They build without choice in orchard trees, in the tops of tall trees along banks of streams or roadsides, or in bushes near the ground; sometimes they also build in corners of fences. Only a few weeks ago I was on the island of Nantucket, south of Massachusetts, and found quantities of Kingbirds, but where the birds were most abundant there seemed to be a scarcity of suitable nesting places; after watching them for some time, I found that they were nesting in blueberry bushes, which were abundant. I found one nest in a small patch, and not over two feet from the ground.

Kingbirds lay from three to five, and rarely six, handsome eggs with a creamy background, boldly and beautifully spotted with reddish-brown and lavender, most abundantly about the large end. The pattern of the markings varies endlessly, some being very heavily spotted, while in the extreme cases they may be found with no marks at all. The average size of their eggs is .95 x .70. As usual, with passerine birds, incubation lasts about sixteen days and the young are able to fly in about two weeks after first seeing the light. They are fed with a great many kinds of insects, millers and even large darning needles.



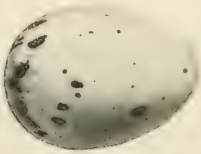
Egg of Gray Kingbird.

A great many farmer boys know these birds only by the name of Bee-martin; while they do take some bees along with other insects that they



ARKANSAS KINGBIRD.

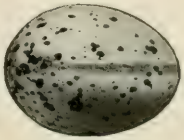
GRAY KINGBIRD. KINGBIRD.



Egg of Couch Kingbird.

catch, they can do but little damage. The common Kingbird can be mistaken for no other bird because of his nearly black upper parts, white underparts and white end to the tail, as can be seen in our illustration. The bright crown spot is only seen when he is angry or excited; at other times it lies concealed by the black feathers.

The GRAY KINGBIRD is found in the United States only in Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, being rare in the last named state. They are very abundant on some of the West Indian Islands and on the Florida Keys, but are only moderately common anywhere on the mainland of our country. They are considerably larger than our common bird and are light gray on



Egg of Ark Kingbird.

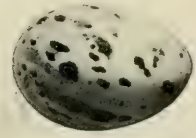
the head and upper parts, but the ear coverts are black. These birds are fully as bold and aggressive as are our northern Kingbirds and like them, are very noisy, but their notes differ and are said to resemble the syllables "pe-chee-ry" uttered in a shrieking tone (Bendire). All their habits correspond to those of the northern Kingbird. Their nests are usually placed in bushes and preferably in mangroves where they will overhang the water. Their three or four eggs very closely resemble those of the Kingbird but usually have a strong pinkish tint to the background that makes them unusually beautiful; they average slightly larger in size.

Couch Kingbird, Arkansas Kingbird and Cassin Kingbird are very similar in their appearances, therefore we figure but one, the Arkansas. Couch Kingbird has a throat very light or white, and the tail brownish with no white on it.

Arkansas Kingbird has the throat light gray and the tail black, with the whole of the outer web of the outer feathers, white. Cassin Kingbird has the throat dark gray and the tail like that of the last, but with the white more restricted. All three of these species have the breast yellow and have orange-red crown patches that can be shown at will.

Couch Kingbird is common in Mexico and Central America, but is only found in the United States in the Lower Rio Grande Valley in Southern Texas. Its habits do not differ from those of the next species but its eggs are rather more pyriform in shape and usually have a ground color of a richer buff shade.

ARKANSAS KINGBIRDS, (*Tyrannus verticalis*), or Western Kingbirds as they are as often and more appropriately called, are abundant from Kansas and Southern Minnesota west to the Pacific coast and north to British Columbia. Like the eastern bird it frequents open country, being most abundant along river beds and shunning the mountain ranges to a great extent. They are said to be even more noisy than the Eastern Kingbird, and their notes are more varied, though the ones commonly used resemble those of the latter. They are also said to be less pugnacious towards hawks than is the eastern bird and instances are at hand of their living in harmony with them. Like the common Kingbird, they are very playful and are often seen chasing one another, especially in the spring when they are mating. From



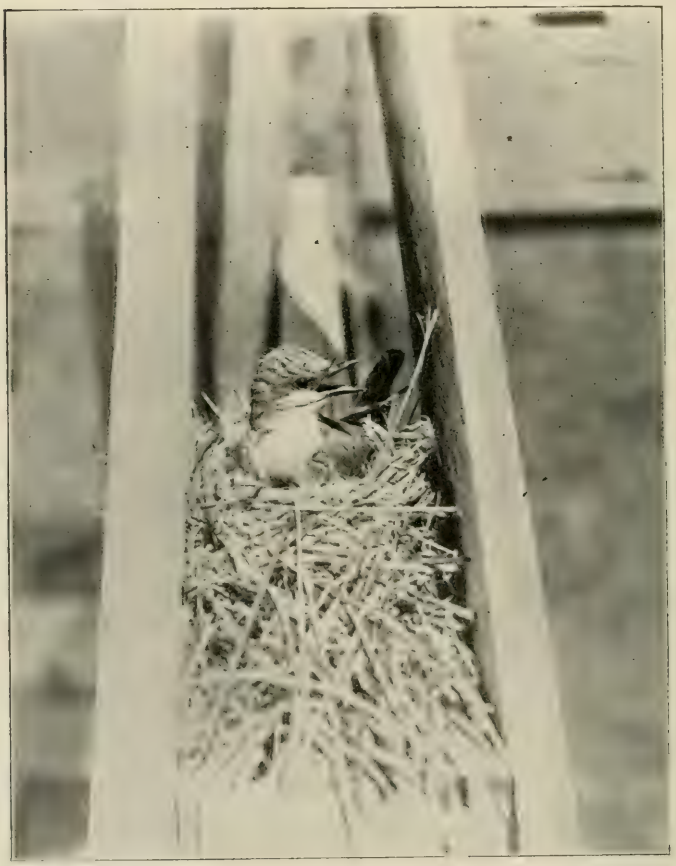
Egg of Cassin Kingbird.

their practice at catching insects they have become very skilful and can double and turn with marvelous rapidity. As is usually the case with all kinds of flycatchers when they dash after their prey you can hear their mandibles snap together as they catch it, which they rarely fail to do. Their nests are ordinarily built in the forks of trees ranging in height from five to fifty feet from the ground, but they may also be found in almost any other location, from a fence post to the eave trough of a dwelling, or on the running gear of a wagon, or the arms of a windmill.

The nests are substantially built of weeds, grasses, hair, roots, fibres and usually a lot of trash such as string, rags, paper, and lined with finer materials, being thus very similar to the nests of the Eastern Kingbird. The three to five eggs are so near like those of the common Kingbird that they cannot be distinguished, but the average of a large number will be a trifle smaller. They are laid about the middle of May in the greater part of their range.

CASSIN KINGBIRD, (*Tyrannus vociferans*). The distribution of this species is more westerly than that of the Arkansas Kingbird. It is found chiefly west of the Rockies and is most abundant along the coast districts where it usually outnumbers the last species. Its habits are not in any way

different from those of the others of the genus but it appears to be less noisy and quarrelsome, but that may easily be on account of their fewer numbers. Its nesting habits are the same as the others and the eggs cannot be distinguished.



By R. B. Rockwell.

ARK KINGBIRD ON NEST.

NEST OF MOCKING-BIRD.

THE MOCKER.

By Edgar Boyer.

He arrived on the morning of May 3rd, and as soon as he came every one knew of his coming. The farmer was the first one to discover it, for as he was putting his team to the plow he suddenly exclaimed to the hired man, "Listen to the Mocking-bird!" And they both stood for fully a minute paying silent homage to this peerless songster. An hour later the barefoot boy, as he drove the cows down the lane to the pasture paused, and exclaimed, in the excitement of that first moment of his discovery, "Listen to the Mocking-bird!" And that same moment, his sister, hovering over the tiny plants that were pushing up through the soft earth of her flower bed, heard him, and glancing up, saw him just as he alighted in the top of the tall locust. Running hastily indoors she called, "Mother, mother, come and listen to the Mocking-bird." And so he was welcomed by all.

It was noon on the next day that his mate was seen near him in the top of a pine tree. He was singing—she preening her feathers.

On the first of June they began building their little home in a hedge fence by the roadside. In a few days it was finished. It consisted of coarse twigs loosely put together, on which was the nest proper, of grasses, leaves and other soft materials compactly matted together, and lined with fine, brown root fibers, and a piece of coarse twine eleven inches long with a knot that would seemingly have been uncomfortable to the little ones. The next week there were four pretty eggs, greenish ash, speckled and blotched with brown and lilac. One might have thought the parent birds had abandoned the nest, for if you went there you never found her hovering over the pretty eggs. If your eyes were sharp enough though, you might have seen her slink silently away, at your approach, and even as you looked in the little home two golden eyes were peering at you anxiously, fro ma leafy covert of the hedge a little further along. And when you were gone she would come back and noiselessly take her place on the nest. The male sat on the topmost bough of a tree whileing away the time in mocking his neighbors. Two weeks passed and then there were four little ugly birdlets to be cared for. Day by day they grew stronger and consumed more food, which it required all the time of both parents to secure. Only occasionally did we hear the gay mimicry of the male. The little ones grew rapidly and within the month were looking over the rim of the nest wonderingly at the great outside world. And just when they were thinking of launching out on those little untried pinions, to explore it, ill fortune came in the form of two bad boys, and the little home that was so full of joy in the morning, was vacant and disarranged when the sun sank behind the western hills.

It was a few days later, one of the little ones that had been so ruthlessly stolen from home, came into my possession. He was a pretty little fellow, neatly dressed in a suit of grey with white trimmings. Above each eye was a bunch of long wavy down, the last remnants of the dress of infancy. I put him in a cage with three tiers of perches. At first he sat spraddle legged on the floor. Then he spied the lower perch and successfully reached it. He wasn't satisfied with that. He wanted one a little higher. He seemed uncertain that he could reach it and mave several moves as if to jump, before he finally did so. A few minutes later I heard a lusty squeak and on going to the cage, found him on the top perch with his large yellow mouth agape. I knew what that meant. I found a spider or two, and under a log some crickets and beetles. He ate them greedily, striving to swallow my finger along with them. When his hunger had thus been appeased, he settled down on his perch and began serenely preening his feathers. I thought what I had given him would be sufficient to satisfy his hunger for at least an hour or two. In this I was disappointed, for within five minutes that squeak again. I made an excursion to a nearby stubblefiield where I found grasshoppers abundant. I was soon back with enough to last him half an hour.

Henceforth a good part of my time was spent in getting his food, which consisted of grasshoppers, spiders, beetles and worms of various kinds. He ate all indiscriminately, and it was indeed gratifying to see how he grew. Each day I gave him the free range of the back porch which was screened in to exclude flies. Within a week he could fly the whole length of the porch. To prolong his flight he would fly round in as wide a circle as his confinement would allow. Within a few days after I got him he showed unmistakable signs that he wanted a bath. I placed a saucer of water at his disposal, and he seemed to understand what it was for. He hopped to it and inspected it closely, opening and closing his wings in an absent-minded way. Then he went through all the motions of taking a bath, when in reality he was not within three inches of the dish. He soon learned how to bathe. At first he entered the dish very gingerly, and splashed very lightly, but as the days passed he over came his fear and would literally wallow in the saucer as long as there was a drop of water left in it. And at such times, when he was soaking wet, he was as forlorn a looking creature as I ever saw. He was too wet to fly, and would run to and fro on tiptoes, flapping his wings rapidly until nearly dry, then he would leave the floor, lighting on the crown of a hat that hung high on the wall. He sat here and completed his toilet, dressing his feathers with his bill till they were thoroughly dry. He began early to develop his vocal mechanism. We had to be very quiet to hear him. At first his song was unintelligible, vague, mere whisperings, but

every day he practiced and improved. Then the moulting season came on. It seemed to go hard with him. For a week I believed my little pet would not survive. He lost nearly all his feathers at the same time, and the new ones coming out at once, completely sapped his vitality. He did pull through, however, and by the first of October was fully dressed in a new suit. It was not different from the old one, except that now the faint splashes on the breast were wanting, and there was a distinct whiteish line over each eye. When hehad thoroughly recovered from the moult he resumed his song once more and kept it up throughout the winter. As winter approached and insects became scarce, I gradually changed his food, his new bill of fare consisting of various tidbits from the dining table and fruit. He was not particular as to what he ate. I found that he liked nearly everything I did, and some things I didn't. As a rare treat I occasionally gave him half a dozen meal worms, which he ate with great relish. And so spring found him just as brightly plumaged as any of the mockers fresh from the south. And as spring advanced, he sang more, and from day to day showed marked improvement in his song. Long ago he had begun to exhibit that characteristic of mimicing other birds and sounds. He could whistle the various tunes of the Cardinal to perfection. And as spring arrivals began to arrive he added each new song he heard to his medley until he might sing for a whole hour and not repeat the same note twice. His song now grew in volume so that I had to remove him to the porch again. The liquid notes of the martin he knew by heart. He could rival the bluebird in the mellowness of its own song. All the summer residents were represented in his medley. I had ample opportunity to compare his vocal abilities with those of the wild mockers that came to the yard. He was equal to them except that there was less originality about his song. Once in a great while he would take a spell, and litterally floating from perch to perch, with his broad wings outspread and body seemingly writhing in the agony of pent up joy, he would give voice to melody that born alone in the very depths of his own little heart. Voiced the joys of a life his instinct must have told him he was meant to lead—a life as free as the fleecy clouds that floated in the azure sky. I thought sometimes of giving him his freedom, but I was afraid. He had had no chance to develop the instinct of self preservation. He would surely have fallen a victim to one of the many bird enemies. One evening just about dusk when I went to his cage, I found he had escaped through one of the food dish openings. It was too late to even attempt to find him. Next morning I rose early and searched everywhere for him, but to no avail. He was nowhere to be seen. Next day I saw him in the top of a great walnut. He paid no attention to my calling and a moment later, flew away. I gave up all hope of seeing him again. But on the morning of the third day I heard the old familiar

song. Following it, I found him down on the orchard gate. When he saw me he ceased singing, and came hopping along from picket to picket, towards me. His feathers were ruffled, his wings and tail frayed. He did not find outdoor life to his liking, I know. He was hungry. I gave him some meal worms and placed in his cage. I fancied I could see him brighten up on the instant. All summer long he sang for us, and even at night his voice floated out on the moonlit air.

When the moulting season came he ceased his singing for a few weeks, but the moult was never afterwards so hard for him as that first year. We kept him for several years and he was ever a source of pleasure and amusement for the household.

One morning in January I went to his cage to greet him. He was not there. In the night he had joined the choir invisible.

Kansas City, Mo.

ORIOLES AND PLUMS.

By Nelson A. Jackson.

In the front yard of the house where I formerly lived, there is a large plum tree, the fruit of which is especially sweet and juicy. This tree is a favorite feeding ground for various insect eaters.

One summer two sparrows built their nest in the end of one of the branches, so that I could almost reach it from the window.

Every spring this tree is visited by several pairs of orioles, who diligently search for insects and larvae. During the summer nothing is seen of the orioles about the house. In the early autumn, however, just before the plums begin to ripen, I always notice these birds hopping about on the branches, examining the fruit. As soon as the first plum turns and becomes at all mellow, I will either see the oriole puncture the skin and apparently drink the sweet juice, or else the ruined fruit, after the bird has left. If I stepped out on the porch while the birds were in the tree, I received a sound scolding from them.

After the plums were gathered the orioles would return to the tree for several days, jumping about, searching for the stray plums, all the while scolding indignantly as if the picking were an outrage. About half of the plums were ruined, but never mind, the birds more than paid for their drink of plum juice, by their spring's work of clearing all the fruit trees of injurious insects.

I seems strange that, at one time, I never saw but one pair of orioles at work on the plums, whether it was always the same pair, I do not know, and I never found any other birds drinking plum juice. I should think that the English Sparrows and Robins would have been on hand, since they are very fond of grapes. Evidently plum juice is not to their taste.

By R. Ford.

WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH.

(*Showing method of clinging to the trunk of a tree*).

Photo by R. B. Rockwell.

NEST AND EGG OF AM. COOT.

DICKCISSEL.

By Isaac E. Hess.

In the waste-field, garden, meadow, tangled brake and weedy pasture,
  Everywhere we find Dickcissel; everywhere his nest of sedge;
Safely sheltered in the thorny arms of berry-bush and briar,
  Gently swaying with the branches of the osage-orange hedge;
Hidden on the ground in meadow in the midst of clover blossoms,
  Snugly nestling in the bosom of the prickly thistle copse;
Sometimes firmly fastened to the stronger branches of a weed-stalk,
  Oftimes loosely placed in swamp grass near its treacherous waving tops.

  In the most unlooked for places little Dick constructs his nest;
  Often most unwisely chosen is the spot he thinks the best.

When the mower cuts wide swaths and sweeps great paths adown the meadow
  And the sickle blades strew thistles and tall weeds along the way,
There is sorrow and misfortune with the legions of Dickcissel,
  But his mourning hours are short; 'tis but the mourning of a day;
For reverses do not mar his joy of living and loving;
  Reconstruction promptly follows the destruction of his nest.
So persistently he sings to her, she cannot help adoring
  Her brave lover of the jet-black tie and handsome yellow vest.

His is last of all the evening songs; at day-break his is first,
And through daylight hours he sings until it seems his throat will burst.

When the sun beats down so fiercely that all nature seems a dying
  And the morning birds are hushed and stilled beneath its burning rays,
When the Meadowlarks and Bobolinks their recesses are taking,
  Are surrend'ring to the lethargy of hot mid-summer days,
When the gray and dusty country roads seem spiritless—forbidding—
  No alleviating sounds revive and hurry us along—
When the out-door life we love so well has seemingly departed,
  Then we hear a sprightly roundelay; an animated song;

And this happy fervent welcome brings relief and cheer to me;
  Blessings on the loyal songster with his Dick! Dick! chee-chee-chee!

Philo, Ill.

By I. E. Hess.

"Snugly nesting in the bosom
Of the prickly thistle copse."

THE SILENT CEDAR BIRDS.

By Mrs. Charles Norman.

It is a thrilling event to any lover of nature when a wild creature approaches him and shows no fear; and though we court the chipping sparrows and chickadees and beguile them with tidbits many days, there is always a sensation of delight when they touch our hands or even come near us. But the beautiful, the unfamiliar, the dignified cedar waxwings—uncourted, unmoved by a desire for food or by any sense of comradeship, who can describe the feeling when they first approach us? Who can make plain the conditions of a friendship, extremely intimate and yet reserved and cold?

Such was our acquaintance with a pair of birds, who appeared quite unexpectedly one morning and began tugging at the cord which held the woodbine to the veranda. They were cedar waxwings or cherry birds, a species not very common in our locality, so we enthusiastically endeavored to supply their wants with a promiscuous lot of strings. It was our intention to hide close by and watch maneuvers, but they did not give us time, but returned while we were still engaged in festooning the cords. One of the birds paused upon the fence, close by, the other came within a foot of our hands and quickly bounded off with a string. Her destination was an apple tree just across the street. She was soon back for another beakful.

It was June 14, about 9 a. m., when operations began, and for an hour thereafter they kept us busy supplying strings for their prospective dwelling. Suddenly they were satisfied and flew away to the swamp.

I have, inadvertently, used the feminine pronoun in refering to that one of the pair who carried all the material for building. This may be an error. I could see no difference in the birds, but one did all the work and the other one took the role of protector. He was the escort on all expeditions. They flew side by side, very close together, as if the upper air furnished too narrow a passage. When they alighted, it was usually side by side.

After our first exciting encounter with them, and their departure, we walked across to inspect their nest, which was on an exposed branch of the apple tree. There seemed to be nothing there but the bits of string, and these were in about the same order as when they hung upon the railing. The birds had taken all the white and green cord and left all the red and pink.

We added two large handfuls of hair combings, a bunch of cotton, a few straws and more and more string, till the end of the veranda looked anything but respectable. All were untouched until about four o'clock, and then began another lively scramble for material. This time we took chairs

and seated ourselves close beside the railing, meaning to observe diverse small matters, of scientific importance; but the actors were too interesting. They came almost to us. All the hair was gone in no time. We placed food for them on the ledge, but they thanked us, they did not wish it. We held out our hands full of cake crumbs, they heeded them not, but stood tugging at the woodbine cord, for which they had no need and which they wished only because they could not get it. Not a sound escaped them. They did not seem to see us, though we were almost in their way and the children were by no means quiet. If the birds had been deaf mutes they could not have been more silent or more oblivious to sound.

On the second morning, before we got out to the veranda, they had carried off every vestige of material, including the red and pink cord. They had more than they could possibly use.

Photo by N. F. Stone.

YOUNG CEDAR-BIRDS.

After that they did not call at the veranda, and although they had opened up such an intimate acquaintance, they gave us to understand that there was an end of it. We had served them in a time of need. As to the sum of their indebtedness, the apple tree was a mute and powerful witness. It had become "a thing of shreds and patches." Several days elapsed before the habitation assumed a nest-like aspect and even to the end it was a ridiculous spectacle, with cords hanging about in the most purposeless manner. After it was out of use, it fell to our possession. We found in it nothing save what we had furnished ourselves. It was not only disorderly but so shallow that we wondered it could have cradled three active infants.

It was quite a trial not to be able to distinguish between the two birds during the period of incubation. We never saw one of them take the place of the other one on the nest but we witnessed twice as beautiful a scene, as can be imagined, when one bird stood upon the edge of the nest and fed the other. Their colors were so exquisite, their attitudes so graceful, and their bearing so free from fear or suspicion! I have seen the same incident with other birds, but the manner was never so pleasing as in this case.

After the young appeared, their parents became altogether changed. They seemed stricken with fear at the sight of a person and often assumed a protective attitude, which was very interesting. The crests would fall, the necks stretch out, till they looked as much like anything else as birds; and in this strained posture, they would remain motionless. One day one of the parents was feeding nestlings as we approached. When we were within a few feet, he assumed a bottle-like position and held it for exactly seventeen minutes. At the end of that time, out of sheer pity, we moved back, and the bird sank beside the young ones, who all that time time had held their mouths open in silent appeal. Their demeanor was no less wonderful than that of the older bird. It was not many days till they themselves, were adopting the adult plan of rendering themselves unconspicuous.

One morning, when they were two weeks old, we found two of them on the ground, where we all but stepped on them. We picked them up. They were perfectly calm and apparently without fear. When we attempted some photographs, the elder, or the stronger, posed for us in the attitude which the adult bird had previously taken for protection. It was no fault of his that the work failed and the opportunity was lost. If he was afraid he uttered no sound and made no effort to get away. If his parents were near and were alarmed for him, they, too, bore their anxiety in silence.

The young birds were, on this occasion, fully clad in a sleek, silken suit of grayish-brown, like their parents; no crimson, but a full line of yellow across their tails, faces with only a little black; crests partly developed. They could fly fairly well. The children fed them with red raspberries, as they had seen the parent-birds do. We felt that they were in great peril from cats, that prowled about half-fed, eating all they could get; so we ventured to put them back into the nest. To our surprise they remained there two whole days. Perhaps a little experience in the world had taught them that home was a pretty good place. When they again ventured forth, the three went together, and were soon led by their wise parents to "fresh fields and pastures new."

A DAY IN THE MARSH.

By R. E. Wilhelm.

It was on the twentieth of May that, with my note books, I started toward a few of the numerous sloughs near this village.

As I walked along in the tall grass, beside the railway, I scared up a large King Rail. After seeing him drop abruptly into the grass at some distance, I pushed onward. A few paces farther on I was startled by something darting out into the grass, in a zig-zag course, from almost under my feet. Upon looking, I found, well hidden and shaded in a thick tussock of grass, a fine specimen of a King Rail's nest.

The nest was made entirely of grass, the outer structure being of coarse and the lining of finer grasses; the whole being hung, a few inches above the ground, to the stout grasses about it. In the slight depression of the nest lay nine very pretty creamy buff eggs, spotted, rather sparingly, with reddish-brown and lilac.

The nesting site seemed to be in a rather singular place, as trains passed daily within fifteen feet of the nest.

Eagerness still urging me onward to see what Nature was doing out in the fields, I pushed on until I arrived at a large slough, over which I paddled, delighted with what I saw about me. As I glide along I see, behind a screen of rushes, a pile of weeds, on the top of which is a sunken hollow full of brownish eggs, thickly speckled with black. These are readily recognized as those of the American Coot; many of these nests are found, all filled with eggs, and some nearly hatched.

Out there on a rush is a large Yellow-head, puffing out his feathers and giving vent to his sonorous voice, while his more sombre-colored helpmeet is finishing her nest of coarse grasses. Out nearer the edge of the slough is a gaudy Red-wing, seeming to keep watch over the nests of his many wives. Some few of these basket-like nests may have one egg in at this date, but the greater number are under completion.

As I suddenly appear around a bunch of rushes I scare several Coots, which go splashing off toward a place of concealment. In some hidden place I can hear the "pum-er-lunk" of the Bittern and the flute-like whistle of the Sora. Now, as I round another point, I see a Pied-billed Grebe swimming away from a small pile of decayed vegetation. Stopping my boat beside this heap of debris, I see six dirty, stained eggs, covered over with a few pieces of decayed grasses,—evidently the old Grebe did not have time to cover her eggs, as is her custom.

Here in a bunch of flags is a basket made of coarse rushes; in it is but one buffy egg, spotted with brown. Who does this nest belong to? Let me see—Oh, yes! this belongs to the shy old Red-billed Gallinule. Let her be and soon she will have the nest filled with eggs.

I now hear a screaming, and looking up, I see many of those graceful Black Terns, that have lately arrived from the southland.

The setting sun now tells me to leave the birds to their charges for the night.

Photo by E. R. Johnson.

EGGS OF FLA. GALLINULE.

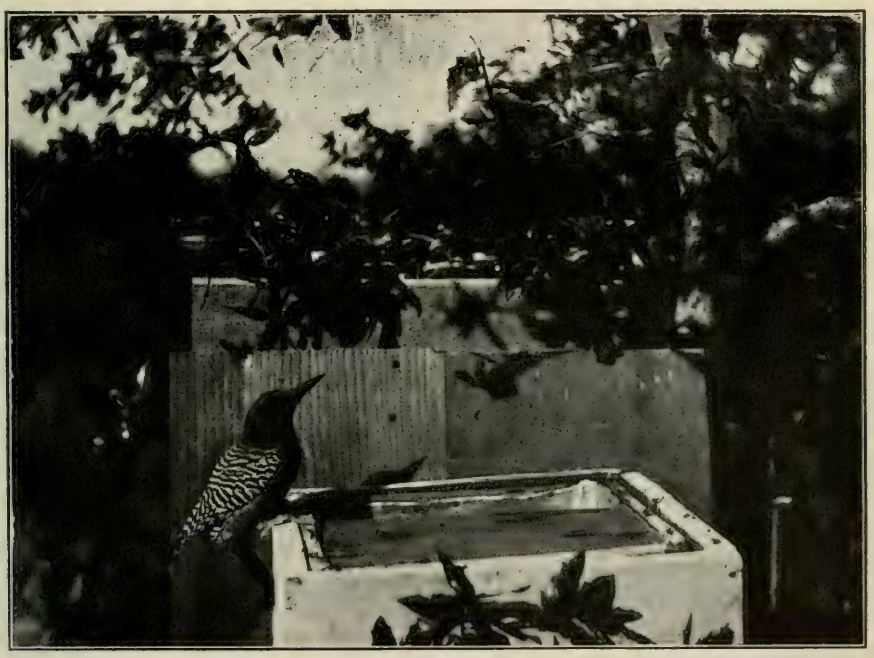
TWO LITTLE BIRD FRIENDS.

BY EDITH E. TIMMERMAN.

I have not been a bird student for very many years, but during this period I have had a few very interesting experiences, two of which I will relate. The first is about a guest, which we entertained—little Astragalinus tristis—whose fate was a very sad one.

It was late one afternoon, about sundown, on a cold February day. The thermometer registered about zero, which is very cold for that time of day in our section. On glancing out of a window, I noticed a bird fly down to a

rose bush, which grew by the side of our house. I supposed that it was an English Sparrow, as a flock of them are often found, throughout the day, in two large evergreen trees near by, but on looking closer, I found that it was a little olive-green bird. It was settling down on the rose bush, putting it's head under a wing to go to sleep. At first I did not recognize it as a Goldfinch, it looked so small, and also the Goldfinches are not very commonly found here during the winter months.



By E. R. Forrest.

GILA WOODPECKER.

I told one of my sisters of it and she went out and easily caught it. The poor thing was so cold and tired it did not mind being handled very much, and made but little effort to get away from her. She brought it in the house and we put it in an old bird-cage, covering the cage with some shawls. It went right to sleep and slept until morning.

Had she not brought it in teh house that night it surely would have been frozen, for the next morning the thermometer had gone down to eight degrees below zero.

At day-break, when we went to look at it, it was awake, anxiously trying

to get out of the cage and constantly repeating a little "Wick-wick-er-wick!" We did not dare let it go while the weather was so cold, so we left it in the cage and gave it some sunflower, catnip, mustard and other seeds to eat. We thought that if it would eat at all, it would probably eat the sunflower seeds, as Goldfinches are so fond of them in the fall. But I did not see it eat a single one, although it did eat other seeds.

It did not act at all like one would expect a wild bird to. At first, in the morning, it kept trying to get out, but later on, nearly every time we were near, it would stop trying to escape and would peck at the seeds instead. It seemed to really like to have us near it. As the day went by it gradually grew quieter and spent more of the time eating. It acted real hungry. It was very fond of the mustard seeds and in the afternoon would eat them from our fingers. As soon as we would hold the seed down to the cage it would come up and put its bill up and take the seed, just like a young bird takes food from its parent's bill.

During the day we placed a small dish of water in the cage. At first the Goldfinch did not drink any, but later on it grew thirsty and did drink, and then if a little bird ever had a sweet expression in its eyes that one had. It put its bill down to the water, took a sip, and then, the same as birds usually do, raised its bill and eyes Heavenward, and its eyes were fairly filled with love. After an instant it put its head down again, took another sip and continued as before.

By afternoon it seemed to be quite contented, so we thought that perhaps we would be able to keep it until spring and then let it go. We knew it would have to be allowed to fly some or its wings would grow weak, so toward night we opened the door of the cage to let it out in the room. We waited until late in the day so that, in case the Goldfinch should be so wild that we could not easily catch it again, darkness would soon set in and the bird would go to sleep, so that then we would be able to catch it.

It did not come out when we opened the door, so we took off the top of the cage. It came out then, but the poor thing was so weak it could fly no better than a young bird just learning to use its wings. Instead of being afraid, it flew to us and tried to cling to our dresses. When we picked it up and held it to our neck it would cuddle up sleepily against us.

We tried a few times to have it fly, but it was so weak we finally gave it up. When we went to look at it the next morning the poor thing lay dead in the bottom of the cage. I guess the cold weather had been too much for it. I buried it with a Downy Woodpecker, which one of my sisters found one night lying dead on the ground.

Last May we had another visitor and I am glad to say this one's visit ended in a happier way. We found it in a very strange place.

By E. R. Forrest.

GILA WOODPECKERS AT FOOD BOX.

One day we had left the outside door of our parlor open, and also a window a little from the top and the bottom, and had gone out of the room. On the outside of the doorway was a pair of closed window blinds, so there really was not a very large opening to invite anything to enter. However, when one of my sisters went into the room a little later, what did she find there but an Oven-bird! Who would have thought to find one in such a place? I had not supposed that one would be found even around the house, as there are no woods near by, to say nothing of entering a room.

My sister at once told the rest of us about it and we went in to see it. After flying around in the parlor a little while, and sometimes alighting on some pictures that were hanging on the walls, it went into another room and stood quietly on the floor in a corner. We followed it in and, after taking a good look at it, we thought we had better try to drive it out of doors as quickly as we could, for birds sometimes die of fright when in a strange place. So we opened the window wider and I slowly went up to it to drive it into the parlor. I got within one and a half or two yards of it before it flew or tried to get away. Then it flew out into the parlor and, soon seeing the open window, flew straight out through it into the outside world—and freedom. And that was the last we ever saw of it, at least to know it.

American Egret.

THE WHITE EGRETS.

As we look over the herons in North America, we find two that for pure loveliness stand alone,—the American Egret and the Snowy Heron.

The AMERICAN EGRET (*Herodias egretta*) is a large but slender built bird about 40 inches in length. His bill and eye are yellow and his legs are black; the entire plumage is snow white and in breeding season they are adorned with a beautiful train of about fifty long white aigrette plumes that grow from the center of the back and extend for six to ten inches beyond the end of the wings.

THE SNOWY HERON (*Egretta candidissima*), or Little White Egret is only about 24 inches in length. It has a black bill but the bare space about the eye is greenish yellow; the legs are black but the feet are yellowish in both adult and young birds, this distinguishing it positively from the young of the Little Blue Heron which is white, but has dark greenish legs. The plumage is snow white and during the breeding season it has a tuft of fine feathers on the back of the head and on the breast and about fifty re-curved aigrette plumes from the middle of the back.

SNOWY HERON.

Both of these egrets were formerly very abundant in the southern states and occurred regularly north to Long Island and Oregon on the coast and to Illinois in the interior. The present range of the little egret is very uncertain; its center of existence is undoubtedly in Florida and it is doubtful if half a dozen birds can be found in any other of the eastern states. The large egret is still found from North Carolina to Florida in isolated heronries. As late as 1895 there were many heronries in Florida containing thousands of both kinds of egrets, while now, especially in the case of the smaller bird, you will find only isolated pairs nesting with flocks of other kinds of herons. The nesting places of herons are always known as heronries; they often cover over extensive areas and are usually in swamps where none but birds, reptiles and insects can dwell. The larger white egrets often nest in the tops of quite tall trees, but the small ones were usually found in bushes or mangroves near the ground. Their nests are slight platforms of sticks, lined with smaller twigs; on these from three to five eggs are laid. The eggs are pale greenish blue, those of the American Egret averaging 2.30 x 1.50 inches, while those of the Snowy Heron measure about 1.80 x 1.20. Heronries are always interesting but filthy places; screams, croaks, squawks deafen you on the one hand while you feast your eyes on the beautiful birds sailing about or standing on the tops of the trees and the ungainly young standing on the edges of their homes, their long, skinny toes tightly grasping the twigs, for well they know if they once lose their hold and fall to the ground, their fate is sealed.

As these birds were once as abundant as Louisiana and Little Blue Herons, both of which can now be found in great numbers in their range, many wonder where they have gone to. Sacrificed for avarice and vanity. Many of the game birds have become scarce through the agency of man, but these plumage bearing herons, while killed by men, were destroyed because women made the market for their plumes. Their extermination is a disgrace to the human race. In spite of all the legislation that has been enacted, and knowledge that has been disseminated by the Audubon Societies, these plumes, under the names of "aigrettes" or "ospreys", are now being sold by nearly all milliners. A few days ago a lady told me she had always supposed that the plumes were secured from a living bird, the same as plumes from an ostrich, and that the bird was not injured. These herons bear these plumes only in the nesting season, and in order to get them the birds are shot in the heronries, the skin on the back with the plumes attached, is pulled off and the rest of the carcass is thrown away. Every two birds killed means the death by starvation of at least four young in the nest; at other times they are very shy and difficult to approach.

ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT
156 WATERVILLE ST., WATERBURY, CT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—

On a certain farm among the high hills in Northern Connecticut, there is an immense cornfield. Last May, when the farmer's plow turned up the first rich brown furrow at the end of the field, a little mother at the farther side anxiously watched and guarded four creamy brown-specked eggs at the base of some cornstalks remaining from last year's growth.

. . To many of you a Killdeer Plover's nest is a common sight, but the boys and girls in this state count that a red-letter day when they find her nesting among their hills.

This could hardly be called a nest, for it was but a slight hollow in the brown earth—but it was beautifully lined—with what? I am sure you would never guess. Simply with hundreds of pumpkin seeds. Perhaps the fall before, Johnny had made a jack-a-lantern, perhaps a pumpkin had been left to decay in the field, at all events, Mother Killdeer found the contents of the yellow globe, and had made a quaint lining for her nest.

The eggs were placed on end in a compact circle, (do you know the reason for that?) with the larger end upward. Both birds seemed to guard the spot, and when approached, would try to lure away the intruders by the old trick of a broken wing, with tail feathers opening and closing like a fan, showing the pretty rufous coloring, they fluttered farther and farther from the nest, calling plaintively, "Oh dear! Oh dear! dear! Then they would turn towards us and show glistening in the sunlight, the snow-white breast, with the striking black bands.

By the time the farmer a nd his plow had reached that part of his broad field, broken egg-shells were lying in the midst of the pumpkin seeds, and four fluffy plover chicks followed their parents up and down the stream which meandered through the reeds at the back of the meadow.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Charles D. Robinson, Waterville, Maine; Carl Dowell, Port Richmond, New York.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

Enigma—Sharp Eyes.

SOME PH ENJOYED BY BIRDS.

1. Suet. 2. Peanuts. 3. Seeds. 4. Berries. 5. Caterpillars. 6. Worms. 7. Crickets. 8. Insects. 9. Acorns. 10. Ants. 11. Water. 12. Bugs. 13. Grubs.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS.

1. Waxwing—wing.
2. Shrike—ike.
3. Siskin—kin.
4. Martin.
5. Titmouse—mouse.
6. Bobolink—o-link.
7. Chat—t.
8. Chewink—wink.
9. Magpie—pie.
10. Mocking-bird—king bird.
11. Nuthatch—hatch.
12. Robin—in.

GLEANINGS FROM OUR MAIL-BAG.

SIX BRITISH BIRDS IN AMERICA.

In New York City and vicinity I have observed six birds which inhabit Europe and the British Isles.

The first of these is the English Sparrow, which is so familiar to all, and which is hated by everybody. It is said that it will drive away other birds, but in Central Park there are a great many English Sparrows, and other bird life does not seem to be on the decrease.

The second bird is the Starling, which is also multiplying at a rapid pace and may soon be as common and domineering as the English Sparrow. There are a great many of these birds in New York City, and they build their nests in nooks and crannies afforded by buildings.

The European Goldfinch is the next bird. In the year 1905 I saw quite a few of these birds in Central Park, although I have seen none this year, (May 8th). As far as I can see, they show no signs of increasing.

A colony of Skylarks has been established near Brooklyn, N. Y., and my brother and I spent a very pleasant afternoon watching these birds. They would soar heavenward, singing as if their tiny throats would burst, and then, having reached the end of their flight, they descend, only to repeat the same performance.

The fifth bird was observed by my brother and myself in Central Park. This bird was the Greenfinch. It was in a tree in one of the most populated parts of the park, where automobiles and carriages went rattling by, and where nurse-girls and children were swarming about. We had a good look at the bird, however, and there could be no doubt as to its identity. How it possibly could have gotten there I cannot imagine.

The sixth and last bird I shall speak of is perhaps the most interesting of all. This bird is the Chaffinch. A certain spot in Central Park, has for three years, (at least), been the locality inhabited by a male Chaffinch. One bird observer released some female Chaffinches, hoping that the bird would breed, but as far as I know, it was a failure. The bird stays in the same place in the park, and may be seen over and over again pouring forth its song from the same tree. The bird leaves the park in the autumn and returns again about the first of March. The Chaffinch is still in the park and seems as prosperous as ever.

Clarence C. Abbott,
New York, N. Y.

Numerical Enigma.

My 5-6-2-7 is twelve months.
My 5-7-6-2-8-6-5 is what you did when asleep.
My 10-11-7-6-2-8 is a brook.
My 10-11-6-8-8-6-5 Mary did to the currants.
My 10-11-7-9-5-6-10 is the way big John walks.
My 10-6-7-6 is what the leaves will be in winter.
My 7-6-10-11 is god to do when you are tired.
My 10-4-10-1-6-7 is my relative.
My 11-7-2-5-6-5 is what the jockey did.
My 10-9-8-8-6-7 is to cook slowly.
My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11 is one who prepares and mounts the skins of animals.

Bird Music.

1. Which bird's song is like a bell?
2. Which bird's song is like a whistle?
3. Which bird's song is like a harp?
4. Which bird's song is like a flute?
5. Which bird moans and wails?
6. Which bird rattles?
7. What bird booms?
8. What bird utters a martial note?
9. What bird utters a soft whisper which has been called the cedar-berry rendered into music?
10. What four birds mock?
11. Which seven birds call ther own names?
12. Which bird wants the boys punished?

WHAT THE BIRDIES THOUGHT.

By Charlotte Chittenden.

Four little birdies, went sound to sleep,
  On the end of a telegraph wire.
When sunrise came, the buzz of the pole
  Made them dream that the world was afire!
So they hurried, and scurried away to a pond,
  Then, fast as their feathers could fly,
They sputtered, and spattered, so high and so hard,
  They thought it was reaching the sky.
When they were through, the world was still there,
  So they thought, with no shadow of doubt,
The fire they had dreamed was burning the world,
  By their efforts alone was put out.

Vol. 6, No. 1. JANUARY, 1906 10c a copy, $1 a year.

AMERICAN BIRD MAGAZINE
ORNITHOLOGY

CHAS. K. REED, PUBLISHER
WORCESTER, MASS.

Entered at the Post Office at Worcester, Mass., as second-class matter, Jan. 16, 1901.

LANTERN SLIDES

We have listed below as fine a list of slides of birds as have ever been offered. Every one of them is photographed directly from life. 50 cents each, $5.00 per dozen or finely colored, $1.00 each, $10.00 per dozen.

Chippy Family (6 Chipping Sparrows).
Preparing Breakfast (6 Chipping Sparrows.)
Woodcock on Nest.
Nest and Eggs of Woodcock
Three Young Woodcock.
Ruffed Grouse on Nest.
Nest and Eggs of Ruffed Grouse.
House Wren (male).
House Wren (female).
Cedar Waxwings Feeding Young.
Cedar Waxwing on Nest.
American Redstart (male) Feeding Young.
American Redstart (female) and Nest.
Prairie Warbler (male) Feeding Young.
Prairie Warbler (female) and Nest.
Red-eyed Vireo on Nest
Red-eyed Vireo Feeding Young.
Wilson's Thrush and Nest with Eggs.
Wilsons Thrush Feeding Young.
Chestnut-sided Warbler on Nest.
Ovenbird and Nest.
Black and White Warbler on Nest.
Field Sparrow Feeding Young.
Field Sparrow Cleaning Nest.
Young Field Sparrow.
Nest and Eggs of Grasshopper Sparrow.
Grasshopper Sparrow on Nest.
Nest and Eggs of Bob White.
American Robin on Nest.
American Robin Feeding Young.
Five Young Chickadees.
Chickadee at Nest in Bird House.
Chickadee at Nest in Tree.
Brown Thrasher.
Brown Thrasher on Nest.
Wood Thrush on Nest.
Young Wood Thrush.
Pigeon Hawk.
Bluebird at Nest Hole.
Barred Owl.
Screech Owl.
Four Young Screech Owls.
Young Blue Jays.
Blue Jays in Nests.
Blue Jay Feeding Young
Loggerhead Shrike.
Phoebe on Nest.
Hairy Woodpecker.
Chimney Swift.
Four Young Crows.
Arizona Jays.
Rocky Mountain Jay.
Bluebird Feeding Young.
Young Bank Swallows.
Young Bobolinks
Seven Young Kingfishers.
Young Kingfishers.
Barn Owl.
Barn Swallows (pair).
Kingbird and Young.
Kingbird and Nest.
Young Kingbirds.
Young Goldfinches.
Yellow Warbler and Young.
Catbird on Nest.
Gila Woodpecker.
Wood Pewee on Nest.
Young Spotted Sandpipers.
Flicker at Nest Hole.
Flicker leaving Nest.
Young Baltimore Oriole.
Yellow breasted Chats.
Robin Feeding Young.
Young Red-wing Blackbirds.
Young Wood Pewee.
Young Robin.
Young Green Herons
Young Shrikes.
Red-headed Woodpecker.
Bush-Tit and Nest.

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By Oliver Davie, Author of "Nests and Eggs of North American Birds"

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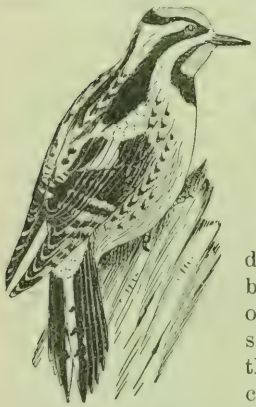

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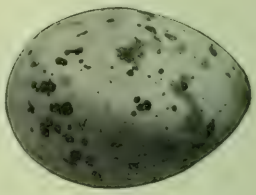

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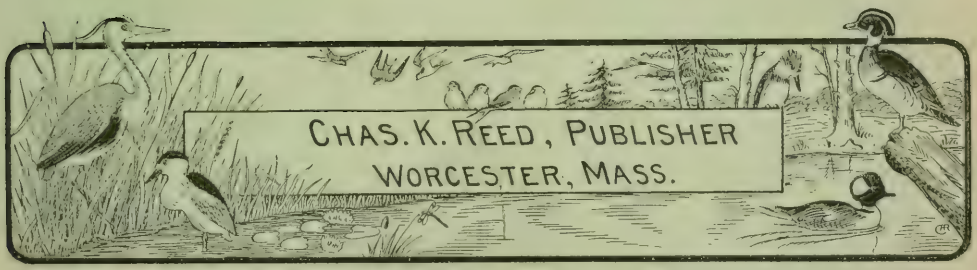

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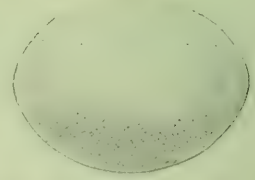

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